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WAS ROY WARNER SHOT BY HIMSELF OR SWEETHEART.

Bradford's Sunday Tragedy Surrounded by Mystery.

SHE SAYS WARNER SHOT BOTH.

But this Statement is Doubted by Many—Her Injuries were Slight—Warner was Instantly Killed—Doctor's Opinion of the Shooting.

Roy Warner, a well known young barber of Bradford, and Miss Anna Peeler, a young woman with a past, each received two bullet wounds from the same revolver last Sunday afternoon while lying on a bed in her apartments in a rooming house in the rear of No. 28 Davis street. Both were shot in the temple and left breast. Miss Peeler's injuries were only slight flesh wounds while either of the bullets which entered Warner's body was sufficient to cause instant death, yet Mis. Peeler says Warner did the shooting.

It seems that Warner and Miss Peeler had been lovers for some time past and they had been living at her apartments. Recently, however, they had become jealous of each other and had quarrels quite often. Warner had been advised by friends to give up the girl and had promised to move his effects to another boarding house on the day of the tragedy.

The first alarm of the shooting was given by Miss Bigler, who ran into the apartments of Blanche Myers, in the same building and announced that Roy had shot her and killed himself. Blood was streaming from her wounds and she was greatly excited. A physician was summoned, and the police and coroner were notified.

Warner was lying on the bed fully dressed with the exception of his coat, his head resting on two pillows. Near his right hand, on the bed, lay the weapon, a 38-calibre revolver belonging to Samuel Mooney, another roomer in the house, which had been used. From the wounds in the man's head and heart blood was flowing and showed that he had not moved after the shots were fired.

Coroner Sherman upon reaching the scene decided that an inquest was necessary and empannelled a jury. Blanche Myers testified that she heard the shots but supposed the noise was from children shooting off firecrackers until Miss Peeler came to her rooms and told of the tragedy. She also stated that the couple had quarreled considerably of late. Mooney identified the revolver as his and said they had quarreled.

Anna Peeler's story was that they had been living together for some time although not married; that jealousy existed and they had quarreled; that she had returned to her rooms a short time previous and had down on the bed beside Roy. She said that while looking at a newspaper Warner said "there" and placed the revolver at her head and fired, the shot dazing her for a moment, and when she regained consciousness she jumped up and found he had shot himself. She said she picked up a bullet from the floor, "broke" the revolver, tried it to see if it filled the shell and then put it back where she found it. Miss Peeler was questioned again on Tuesday at the hospital by District Attorney Mayo, where she was taken for treatment, and her statement was practically the same as that given on Sunday.

Dr. J. B. Stuart, who performed the autopsy upon the body of Warner was the last witness sworn before the adjournment. The doctor stated that he had found that a bullet had entered the body between the fourths and fifth ribs on the left side of the chest directly below the nipple. It had pierced the lower lobe of the left lung and passed backward, making a wound in the left side of the heart an inch and a half in length and three-fourth of an inch wide and one-eighth of an inch deep. The ball had become lodged on the right side of the spinal column in the middle of the dorsal region, between the seventh and eighth ribs. About a quart of blood was found in the pleura cavity (left).

The hole in the left side of the head was one-half inch in diameter, situated above the temple. The ball passed downward and backward and to the right of the skull cavity. The skull was fractured where the ball was imbedded.

The witness testified that all of the organs of the body were in normal condition. He recovered both of the balls and they were turned over to the Coroner. Either one of the shots in Warner's body would have caused almost instant death. The witness was of the opinion that there could not have been a second wound inflicted by Warner after either of the shots. The witness stated that it seemed almost impossible for Warner to have inflicted the wound in the left side of the body. The witness was also of the opinion that had the wound in the head been made by his own hand, the gun would have dropped to the opposite side from where it was found.

Dr. Winger, who took notes at the inquest, is also of the opinion that Warner could not have inflicted both wounds upon himself.

The police and coroner are still busy trying to get more evidence in connection with this tragedy. They are of the opinion that facts are being hidden by witnesses that would go far toward clearing up the mystery.

This morning's Era says: Miss Peeler was removed from the Bradford hospital yesterday and placed in the lockup. It was seen that she was very uneasy and discontented at the hospital and desired to be at liberty. Pending the final disposition of the case it was deemed advisable to keep her in custody and on the nominal charge of disorderly conduct she is being held in the city prison. No new facts regarding the case have been reported.

The Tennis Tournament.

The prospects look bright for Smethport tennis players to take away the cup in the doubles at the tennis tournament at Warren this week.

On Sunday fourteen tennis enthusiasts left for Warren to attend the annual tournament held there this week. The players comprised Paul D. Hamlin and E. T. Newman, Horace H. Redfield and Scott F. Redfield, for doubles, and Theron Lyle and Charles E. McCoy, for singles. The others making up the party were A. W. Mitchell, E. E. Andrews, C. C. Choate, H. S. Rubin, V. H. Bouton, J. L. Morrison and Chauffeurs Howe and Saulspaugh.

The games in which Smethport players participated up to last night are as follows: Singles—Lyle won from Erie on Monday and lost to Bellfonte on Tuesday. McCoy lost to Warren on Monday and won from Bellfonte on Tuesday in the consolation contest for players who were put out in their first game.

Doubles—Redfield Brothers won from Franklin on Monday and lost to Kane on Tuesday. Hamlin and Newman won from Franklin on Monday, from Kane on Tuesday and from Erie on Wednesday.

This morning Hamlin and Newman are playing King and Alexander of Warren and this afternoon the winners are to play Gephart and Lane of Bellefonte, the cup defenders, for the championship of the tournament and the cup.

Killed Near Bradford.

Albert T. Cobb, who resided at Willow Creek, was killed in a most distressing manner late Saturday evening while he was driving toward home, says the Era. He had reached a point near the Wagner farm when he found that a tire had been lost from a wheel. His son, Clarence, aged 9 years, who was riding with him, got out of the wagon and started back to find the lost tire. In some manner the team commenced to back and the wagon and driver fell over a high embankment. In falling Mr. Cobb was pinned down by the wagon and his neck was broken. One of the horses was badly hurt.

As soon as the young son found what had happened he ran to the nearest neighbor's and told of the accident. People who reached the scene found Mr. Cobb dead. The wagon was removed from the unfortunate man's body and Coroner Sherman was notified. The remains were taken to Still's undertaking rooms.

According to a statement of the little boy, his father was unable to check the horses when backing. The team appeared to be frightened.

Deceased was 57 years of age and was well known throughout Corydon township. He is survived by his widow, two daughters, Mrs. Margaret Eddy of this city and Mrs. Bertha Bell of Cleveland, O., and two sons, Clarence and Chauncy Cobb of Willow Creek.

Death of Mrs. Floretta Gallup.

Died at her home in Norwich township on Wednesday afternoon, August 5, Mrs. Floretta Gallup, aged 80 years. The cause of death was heart disease, from which she had been suffering for the past three months.

Deceased was the widow of the late Orlando Gallup, and with her husband was among the earlier settlers of Norwich township, where she had since resided. She enjoyed the acquaintance of a large circle of friends, who will join with her relatives in sincerely mourning her departure.

She was the mother of four sons, all of whom survive, namely: Henry and Frank Gallup of Smethport, Charles Gallup of Norwich, and Arn Gallup of Youngsville, Pa.

Funeral services will be held at the church in Colegrove at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon.

26 Years Success.

Westbrook Academy, Olean, will begin its 27th year, Sept. first, with a list of more than 3000 graduates.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence, Alberta Sturdevant.

THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

THE SCRUTINY OF DETAIL

DETAILS are often of more importance than they seem to be—some of them are far-reaching. I went into a large restaurant the other day. Everything was perfectly appointed, from the white linen to the appetizing food. But the knives and forks were ponderous—the largest I had ever seen—too large for convenient and graceful use.

In trying to figure out how such a mistake had been made—so out of keeping with the other features of the place—I could come to but one conclusion: The matter had not been given proper attention when the selection was made. The proprietor, being a man of large affairs and accustomed to passing details on to his lieutenants, probably considered the selection a mere detail, and left it to others—and so the matter was slighted, or passed upon by someone who had very poor judgment.

It is well to be broad minded enough to leave details to assistants; but it is important to make sure that intelligent scrutiny is brought to bear upon all details that are to be multiplied. And it is well to classify as details only things that are so limited that they can't go very far wrong.

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OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

In the trenches before Petersburg, Va., July 26, 1864.

Friend MINER:—We love dearly to see you, while we are so far from home, and to read your account of matters far removed from scenes of war, so that it is only fair to exchange with you and thus give your many readers some idea of a few things relating to the army.

It has been the long expressed wish of many intelligent soldiers doing duty in the ranks, and elsewhere, that their friends should become acquainted with the manner of distribution of supplies furnished by the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and its supporters. Everyone who is at all conversant with a soldier's life, knows that the private soldier, in particular, is constantly deprived of all the luxuries of home, and often the necessary articles of diet and clothing. To remedy this great evil, our Government clothes and rations its army much more magnificently than any other country in the world. Still there are many things yet needful, most of which are anticipated by the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. In those armies and departments where it is practicable, the Commission sends persons called Relief Agents who personally attend to the distribution of supplies to the hospitals and when there is an overplus, turn the same over to the Commissaries of Subsistence, for issue to the troops. But in many instances, the Commission places in the hand of the surgeons of brigades and regiments, large quantities of stores including clothing, wines, liquors and food for proper yet direct distribution to the troops to which they belong. Then comes the "tug of war."—New infringements of all principles of honesty, wrongs are committed daily, and distributions are made; not to the enlisted men, but the officers to the officers' mess, and their friends, oftimes not connected with the army, but sometimes styled "friends in the country."

The writer, while serving in North Carolina, heard an army surgeon remark, in conversative, that he did not know how they (his mess of thirteen officers) would have lived but for the sanitary stores, received in Newbern. He stated that they lived almost exclusively upon the stores, and that their expenses for mess accounts were almost nominal. The liquors and wines were much superior to any procured from sources, and that they were entirely relieved of that expense. An officer replied that he understood that these stores were for the sick in hospitals, to which was answered, "all the sick need is judicious use of medicines, and a little care," that "an enlisted man only expected and needed the rations furnished by government, and if lucky enough to get into a hospital were quite content, and as happy as if in a little heaven." In many instances the stores reach the soldier but often they only find the tables of the officers and their friends. The above is not written to prevent our friends at home from stretching forth the helping hand, but only to show the misplaced confidence bestowed upon certain officers in the service. A more glorious institution than this never existed, and to have its power crippled and exercised in wrong directions is a shame and lasting disgrace to those who appropriate that, for their own use, which was originally intend for the men under their command. Officers on dismounted service receive the most benefit from these stores. These officers are all or can be paid every month if they wish, upon the sight of the order detailing them, while the soldiers are often without money, and poorly clothed, as in the case with many of us now, for we have not received pay for seven months. These officers have at all times the right, and funds to purchase stores, both of necessity and luxury, while the enlisted man has little else than "field rations," to subsist upon. Let not our friends withhold from their abundance but many suppose that all they send finds its way to the soldier. Let the sanitary friends send agents into the field to personally superintend the distribution of supplies, and the wrongs here shown will be righted in a great degree. Yours from the front,

S. C. TOMMY.

George Beckwith, a son of Ransom Beckwith, Jr., was wounded in the arm near Petersburg, in the latter part of June 1864. He belonged to Co. E, of the 58th Regiment and had re-inlisted. He was taken to one of the hospitals at Old Point Comfort, where it was thought he was improving, and would soon be able to come home. Subsequently, however, amputation was found necessary, but his system was unable to bear up under so severe a shock, and he expired on the 31st instant. George is spoken of by his comrades as an excellent soldier, and not only a large circle of friends, but the country deplores his loss. The following letter may be read with interest:

Hampton, General Hospital,
August 1st, 1864.

Mr. Ransom Beckwith, Jr., Dear Sir:—In compliance with George's request, I wrote to you some days since. At that time we thought that George was doing well, but it soon became apparent that his arm would have to be amputated. Accordingly, on the 26th of July, the doctor took it off, and the sequel proves that his strength was not equal to the task, for after patiently enduring, until yesterday, the 31st, at a few minutes before six in the evening, the light of life went out, and he now rests from his labors and his pain. He said to his minister, a few days before his death, that he was willing to die should that be the will of the Almighty.

His remains will be buried in the soldier's burying ground to-day, and a board with his name and that of his company and regiment marked upon it, placed at the head of his grave. George had the best of care and the best of medical attendance while he was with me here, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that all that could be, was done for his comfort and recovery; but it was wisely ordered otherwise. Let us submit to His will. Hoping the best of Heaven's blessings may attend you I will close. Yours truly

C. D. Gilbert,
Sergt. of E. Co. 58th Regt. P. V.

Week Day Excursion to Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

Tuesday, August 11, via B., R. & P. Ry. Round trip tickets $1.50. Special train will leave Newton 8:52 a. m. and returning leave Niagara Falls 7:00 p. m. and Buffalo 8:00 p.m. Tickets also good for return passage from Buffalo on regular trains Wednesday, August 12th.

The Lock Haven State Normal School sent out a large class of young men and women at its last commencement. Their excellent training thoroughly equipped them for the position of teachers and it is gratifying to know that they were all fortunate in securing schools. Its patronage during the year just closed exceeded any previous year. Address the Principal for illustrated catalogue.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Two $909 Positions.

Bert Hunt and Edward Heberle, graduates of Westbrook Academy, Olean, have just secured $900 positions at Washington, D. C.

A POPULAR MAN GONE.

Hon. George C. Fagnan Dies at His Home in Bradford.

Hon. George C. Fagnan, one of the most popular and highly esteemed business men in McKean county, died at his home in Bradford early Friday morning after a protracted illness.

Mr. Fagnan came to Bradford in 1877 and became identified with the Olean, Bradford and Warren (afterwards W. N. Y. & P.) narrow guage road as a conductor. In that capacity he became widely known to the traveling public and it is safe to say that no railroad man in this section was ever more popular. In 1892 he embarked in the drug business on lower Main street, and continued in that line with much success, until failing health, last May, compelled him to lay down his business cares. The drug business grew under his management and in the course of time it was found necessary to increase the capacity of the store. The magnificent block in which his place of business is located, was the result. Mr. Fagnan was also identified with various other enterprises, being a stockholder in many companies. He was a public spirited man and was always to be relied upon to do his utmost in any movement that had for its object the betterment of local conditions. His efforts in behalf of the Board of Trade's undertakings were always of a practical and helpful character.

Mr. Fagnan was prominent in Democratic politics and in 1899 he was elected treasurer of McKean county in a district normally very strong on the Republican side. In 1896 he was elected mayor of Bradford and ably served the citizens one term.

His love for mankind led him to join various fraternal organizations. He was a member of Trinity Commandery No. 58 Knights Templar, and all the Masonic bodies, and belonged to the Odd Fellows, the Order of Railroad Conductors, the Heptasophs, Tuna Valley Lodge, Knights of Pythias and the Maccabees; was one of the organizers of the fraternity formerly known as the Earnest Americans—now merged with the American Insurance Union and trustee of the Bradford lodge of Elks. He was a director of the Bradford Board of Trade and a member of the School Board from the Fourth ward. Formerly he was identified prominently with Bradford's volunteer fire department. He was one of the directors of the Commercial Bank, treasurer of the Salvation Army Charity funds. He was identified with other local enterprises.

He was also active in oil enterprises and one of the principal stockholders in the Gibson Oil company.

Mr. Fagnan is survived by his widow and one daughter, Miss Mary Fagnan, who in this time of sorrow will have the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of the whole community. The deceased also leaves to mourn his loss a sister, Mrs. Frank Badgley of Buffalo, N. Y., and three brothers, Joseph of Buffalo, Frederick of Cleveland, O., and Edward Fagnan of Denver, Col.

No human eulogy is needed by Mr. Fagnan. His kindly acts speak louder than words. Himself a friendly man, he made friends rapidly and held them. By his energy and ability he gained an enviable position as a man of affairs, but he did not forget his old friends, and the term friend with him meant all the name implies. He visited the sick and suffering and gave timely assistance to those less fortunate than himself. Many of the lowly and friendless appealed to George Fagnan for help who were absolutely friendless and never in vain. To-day there is grief in many hearts over his death.

The funeral services were held under the auspices of Trinity Commandery, No. 58, Knights Templar, at the residence on Kennedy street at 2:30 p. m. Sunday, Rev. J. M. Wallirs officiating and interment took place in Oak Hill cemetery. The funeral was attended by friends from all parts of the State and the floral tributes were probably the largest and most beautiful ever seen in the county.

Bottle Blower's Scale.

A dispatch from Atlantic City, dated Aug. 5, says: Representatives of the working glass bottle blowers of America won a notable victory in the final day of the wage conference with the manufacturers of glass bottles when they succeeded in securing a wage scale at the same figure as was paid to the men in glass factories last year.

Complaisant manufacturers, realizing the number of men out of work, allowed another concession in the number of apprentices, which shall be one to 15 journeymen this year, an advance of over one apprentice, to ten journeymen, which scale prevailed last year.

Lost—Black, white and tan hound with slit in right ear. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Charles Crossent, East Smethport.

Found—On Main street, gold pin with monogram "M." Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying for notice.

Subscribe for the Miner.

AN ITALIAN MURDERED NEAR BRADFORD

Was Probably Killed by Unknown Parties Sunday Evening.

BODY WAS FOUND ON MONDAY.

Sebastiano I. Antonio Doldo is the Victim—No Clue to Identity of Murderer—Was Shot in Left Shoulder.

The body of an unknown Italian was found in the vicinity of Rutherford Run near Bradford, on Monday, which gives this county another murder mystery. The body was found by some men who were looking for some horses which had strayed away.

Coroner Sherman and Undertaker Otto Koch were notified and the body was examined by the coroner. The dead man was found to be a very dark complexioned person of perhaps five feet, seven inches in height and 160 pounds in weight. He had thick black hair and a smoothly shaved face. The victim was young, not being over 23 to 24 years old judging from his appearance.

The corpse was taken to Koch's undertaking rooms at the request of Coroner Sherman. A bullet hole was found at the point of the left shoulder, showing how the unfortunate man had met his death. He had been shot down by an unknown assassin, the bullet being sent downward into the man's body, in the direction of the heart. The leaden missile is supposed to have produced a severe internal wound which caused death by hemorrhage.

It was later decided that the victim's name was probably Sebastiano I. Antonio Doldo, by letters and papers found in his pockets. A cheap ring, 36 cents in American money and a ten centissimo copper coin in Italian money were all the valuables found in his pocketbook.

It is said that Doldo had worked several weeks on the Congress street paving job and that he boarded on Roberts street. It is also asserted that on Sunday evening he and another Italian were seen going out High street together and that they were in a quarrelsome mood. It is possible that this man who was with Doldo, shot him while they were walking along the road and that he dragged the dying man to the place where the body was found. It seems strange that Doldo would have gone voluntarily to so lonely a place with a person with whom he was having a dispute. Another story is of the usual Black Hand variety, but is merely conjectural.

To inquire into the facts in the case the following named jurors have been chosen by Coroner Sherman: Dolos Armstrong, foreman; H. S. Robbins, Fred Silberberg, George Clough, Dr. J. B. Stewart and Henry Jones. The jury viewed the remains and adjourned until Friday at 9 a. m. at the coroner's office.

Dr. Winger performed an autopsy on the body Monday evening.

Mr. Taft's Religion.

The Mt. Jewett Herald (Democratic) says:

Following is an excerpt from a press dispatch launched before the eyes of the world from Washington, D. C., during the present week, and if there exists a single mitigating connection it lies in the fact that the utterance is that of a minister of one of Washington's fashionable churches; for somehow or other we have arrived at the point where the utterances of fashionable ministers have come to be accepted if not with sympathy, then commiseration:

"Unitarians teach to-day what the deists, such as Tom Paine taught a century ago. Unitarians are no more Christians than are agnostics. Thousands of people throughout the country understand this and they will no more vote for Judge Taft, who is an Unitarian, than they would have voted for Colonel Ingersoll."

If the fairness of the Washington minister had been on a level with his bigotry he would also have pointed out that Webster, Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Emerson, Darwin, Huxley, John C. Calhoun, Abraham Lincoln and thousands upon thousands of other men of like calibre were also Unitarians, and that the world is under greater obligation to any one of them than to any preacher that ever manned a pulpit.

A first class training school is also an excellent training school for life. The Lock Haven State Normal School meets these requirements and its large patronage is the best proof of this fact. It has a fine faculty made up of graduates of the best training schools and colleges in the United States and foreign countries. The expenses are moderate and its home influence are particularly attractive. Its location is unsurpassed in this state and its reputation equals the best anywhere. Address the Principal for illustrated catalogue.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

Fraulein

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1898, by Frank H. Sweet.

"WHEN the two so fond lovers were upside quick into fairies' land by the beautiful white swan," concluded the tale told the children by the little German governess.

"It's a pretty story," said Della, "but not as nice as the one about the little wooden shoes, is it, Joe?"

"Yes," disagreed Joe, "better. The wooden shoe one chops off in the middle and doesn't end."

"But it might end some time, mightn't it, fraulein?" Della questioned earnestly.

"Ach, no—not until floats back the one shoe that was not more seen by the boy and girl playmates."

Fraulein Wilma Kraft was not lackadaisical. Her eyes were a cheerful blue and looked philosophically upon life as she found it; her face was like a round, pinky ripened peach, and her wholesome mouth had no pathetic tendencies; her waist was plump enough to discredit any suggestion of pining, yet it seemed as if the buckle of the belt, sitting so trimly around it, creaked faintly about as much as the extra strain of a slight night occasion.

"Ach, no."

"I wish I had been the girl to go paddling barefoot in the rushes in the edge of the lake," Della looked with discontented eyes upon the fine kid that held in her rebellious toes. "What do you think became of the shoe that floated away, fraulein?"

"Ah, who could say that?"

"Well, I wish I could see a wooden shoe—I never did," Della mourned, with a dismally distended expression that pursed fraulein's heart to ways.

"Fraulein," she demanded, "Come you up to mein former house once ask the mutterkins there has I the one little shoe that the fire saved yet."

"Gaudy," rejoiced Della. "Mommy won't care. How did you get the shoe, fraulein?"

"Ask me for some questions and I tell you not one lie," said fraulein, laughing and springing suddenly up at little Joe absent-mindedly.

Going down the granite walk of the Stanhope grounds fraulein Wilma passed Miss Amelia's new ice poacher, in the shadow of the school girl in that snarled above the gate way. He was large, the proprietor, and red of cheeked in hair, the color of a fresh pose she was. Some straight cuts and the curled right [illegible]. His eyes [illegible] amiably down under big sandy lashes.

"Gute fraulein."

Kindly Professor Yost could [illegible] a cow in unfriendly silence, much less a little rosy fraulein in the employ of his own patrons. A respectful "Gute afening" in broad, mellow German tones reached her sociable soul.

"Gute afening," she responded, with a quaintly distant courtesy, and went her way, dreaming absently of red clover patches and strong, shapely trees and tranquilly flowing water brooks, all because of the ruddy German with his mellow greeting.

Frau Lena Kraft scolded, loudly about the prospective invasion of the Stanhope children on the next day.

"Schildren coming on the Saturday afterty," she protested shrilly. "They will the cleaning hinter and some must on the clean floors make!"

Each Saturday it was the good frau's practice to so scrub and scour and splash and slather the goings that it was surprising there was a sliver of woodwork left about it. And Wilma was not excused from sharing the household tasks in the face of the fact that she had her board to her brother and his wife Lena was a thrifty soul and adoring one.

"Vot you make, Lena?"

She paying to Uhlar [illegible] weeks. "Dit it make no difference," would Lena asseverate. "She will scour the tin ant the coffee kettles and bake the socks Budtkin."

So Wilma's opportunity for relaxspeer or day dream was narrowed to the darkness hour, and even that Lena's sharp tongue offentimes rendered stormy.

Herman, the [illegible] tranquil husband and brother smoked his long stemmed pipe in [illegible] cried silence through

When the pave is cross and bas you [illegible] and worn out you will find that a little Cuticura Wood, the well known [illegible] and children, will cover the little one in a short time. The [illegible] are printed plainly on the bottle. Cuticura [illegible] Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, safe, pleasant, sure, little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Lena's brawlings, but occasionally he opened his mouth briefly and quenched her.

"Vat you make, Lena? Let the schildren coom," he said comfortably on this occasion.

And Lena submitted, though with much wasplike scolding and buzzing to which Herman paid as little attention as to the rattling of a dry bean pod.

The birds among the trees in the quaint old Dutch yard of the Krafts opened their Saturday morning rehearsals unusually early in response to the sound of Frau Kraft's swishing, splashing, brooming and mopping begun in the rosy gray dawn, and the fraulein's faithfully burnished dwarfs flashed broken javelins to the rising sun. The good frau was still searching for undiscovered corners and Wilma busy frying big round apple butter doughnuts when the young Stanhopes raced up the freshly reddened brick walk edged with blue flag clumps and a fringe of lad's love.

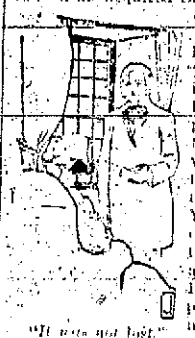
A dark pressage of tracks, together with Wilma's desertion of the doughnuts to show the children the wooden shoe, set Lena buzzing like a red wasp.

The wooden shoe.

When the fat little sabot, with its odd, curved toe and wide, flat heel, had been returned to the inner circle of Wilma's trunk and Joe and Della were hovering dangerously close to the pink knots of the sacred oleander, Lena fell upon fraulein.

"Ach, himmel!" she scolded. "The house we must to the schildren git yet—yess. Some tracks they make ant the blumen break—vat you care? Now, yust make on your bonnet once ant make dose schildren home—yoss."

Fraulein found no hardship in compliance. Better the smell of dewwet earth than that of boiling lard; more convenient a trip meeting with the sweet strips of sprinkled grass than the bewitching foraging of sizzling fried cakes and the tireless refrain of Lena's pungent raging.



"It was not lady."

Then fraulein happily herded the sheep by street which ran suddenly out into the wide avenue where rose the gabled, gambrel-gated [illegible] on the opposite side came Professor Yost, bowing posily. His stock, plug hat and hair gleaming with the whole of its recent brushing.

"Guten morgen," he greeted as the four reached the shadow of the grilles.

"Guten morgen," fraulein responded sedately, retreating gently. "Gutoby, schildrens. I must attend me."

The professor's eyes lighted commendingly after the fresh, starchy blue calico of fraulein's disappearing house wrapper.

"Yes? So the little fraulein's name yet?" he asked the children, who went hopping before him like pobs.

"Wilma Kraft," Della replied, "Shoe"—

"Yes?" The professor was standing stock still on the stone walk with his mouth open. "Yes? If she is, hey?"

"In the pocket little home down the next street that looks like Grandpa's Swiss music box. It's got little pots of yellow lilies with big red shutters standing in front. And there's coffee sticks and blue plates in a hedge row on the shelf, and fraulein has a wooden bed in her trunk."

"Wooden shoe?" the professor repeated.

"Yes, a stumpy little Dutch wooden shoe," Della babbled on. "She told us a story about it. A German boy and a German girl used to play together beside a lake and sell the girl's wooden shoes for boats, and once one shoe floated away, and they couldn't tell where it went. They paddled and paddled in the edge of the water in their bare feet and sailed out on a raft to find it, and they could not. The girl cried because she was afraid her papa would not buy her any more shoes, and she kept the one shoe to remind her what a nice time she had playing with the boys for [illegible] pigs and naughty moved away, and she never saw him again, but she never forgot him. Why, professor, where are you running off to? Aren't you going to give Rodie his ride?"

"[illegible] of the young Stanhopes, and [illegible] trying of the doorbeasts seated Lena for the day. She scolded [illegible] for both happenings and [illegible] a closer job while she was about it by scouring her for all the [illegible] out of the [illegible] upon the plump [illegible] mother-in-law.

Part of the trouble here the stings [illegible] words of her relative's tongue. Lena was [illegible] the elder, and Wilma seldom talked back. With serene forehead and blue, unclouded eyes she trotted about at her task amid a whirlwind of shrill reproach and blunt, sarcasm. In her stunid, German mechanism there was no place for hysterical nerves. And still she was a human little person, with warm blood and an inborn sense of sentiment throbbing deep in her sensible bosom. She was glad when the quite better cakes in their [illegible] and the sheets of cinnamon sprinkled coffee buns for Sunday breakfast were set away.

INSURANCE.
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in company with Lena's feather bed, like loaves of bread, and she could sit near the green paper shaded window in the sitting room and see the oleanders and darn in peace.

Over the plump pink fingers of her left hand she drew a big yarn sock and set to weaving a little lattice work across the grinning hole, wondering in a patiently tranquil way if there might ever be a loophole of escape for her from Lena's perpetual driving and scolding. Her brother Herman had one time given her the practical counsel:

"You shouldt get married once." And Otto Boppert, the prosperous barber on the next block, stood ready to assist her in carrying out the suggestion. Fraulein was studying about Otto now. Otto was short, but very wide. His hands were fat and moist and always smelled of cocoanut oil soap. His face was red and glistening as if he had but just been dipped from the lard kettle. He laughed in a puffy way, which gave the impression that he was stuffed full of feathers, and he never seemed to think about much besides customers and eatings. Maybe some time she would not mind those things, but now, just after meeting Professor Yost—

Again Wilma's belt buckle creaked.

Presently a good round knock at the entry door roared its way through the faint spattering sounds from the kitchen, where Lena was scouring the flour barrel and slop pail.

"Pottlers," thought fraulein, going tranquilly on with her blue woftage as Lena's flat shoes slapped belligerently forward.

As the door opened she heard the fresh, wholesome voice of the "Guten morgen." "Ogutkoose—is the Fraulein Wilma Kraft lit heer yet?"

"Ach, ja," Lena's shrill tones responded. "You should valk in, once." And into the sitting room walked Professor Yost, broad, ruddy and smiling cheerfully. He carried a small parcel wrapped in brown paper, which he proceeded silently to unroll. Then he held out upon his broad palm a little wooden shoe.

"Wilma"—he retreated from the pitfalls of his acquired English to the old, deep music of his father's tongue, "Wilma, mein kind, you have not forgotten your playmate, the boy who sailed with you the little wooden shoes upon the lake? Yes? And the one little shoe that sailed away, and was lost? Ach, my little playmate; it was not lost. It floated to the island, and caught fast in the reeds, and one day after the girl playmate was gone the boy found it there and tenderly carried it ashore. And the boy kept it for love of his girl playmate—the pretty little wooden shoe. Now, see, my Wilma, if I speak not the truth, for here is the girl's name carved into the little soles—Wilma Kraft—and the date the boy found it in the reeds. He carved them so. Hast thou been waiting these years, little Wilma, for thy playmate lover? Let us wait no longer, my beloved. We have found each other."

A Piute Indian Myth.

The Piute Indian myth of the sun, moon and stars is as crudely anthropomorphic as can be found in any savage belief. The moon is the sun's wife. The stars are his children. When he appears the children skedaddle. They live in terror of him. He eats them when he can catch them. His stomach—the only part of him one can see—is stuffed with stars. When he goes to bed the children creep again from their hiding places in the blue. The moon is fond of her children, who smile as she moves among them. Every month she goes into mourning because her cannibal husband has eaten one of them. The Piute Indians account for the appearance of a comet by stating that the sun often snaps at one of the stars, his children, and does not get hold of it—he only tears a piece out—and the star, getting wild with pain, goes flying across the sky with a great spout of blood flowing from it. It is then very much afraid, and as it flies it always keeps its head turned to watch the sun, its father, and never turns its face away from him until it is far out of his reach.

Definition of a Dachshund.

This is what the boy wrote about the dachshund:

"The dockshound is a dorg northsplendin appeerencis. He has fore leks, two in front an two behind, an they ain't on speekin terms. I wunst made a dockshound out of a cowcumber an fore matchis, an it lookt as nacheral as life. Dockshounds is purely brane, gent considerin thare shape. Thare brains lein so far from thare tales, it bothers them sum to wag the lattur. I wunst saw a dockshound who wuz too lupsheart to wate till he could signal the hole length of his bodily when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale thet when he wanted it to wag he would shake his rite ear, an when the tale seen it shake it would wag. But as for me, gimme a bull pup, with a peddygree."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Ideal Guest.

She was a most accommodating old lady, as this incident at an afternoon tea proved.

"Will you have sugar?" she was asked.

"If it's in, leave it in," she replied; "and if it's out, leave it out. It doesn't make a bit of difference to me."—London Punch.

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FLUNG INTO THE SEA

Experience of a Man Struggling In Midocean.

SENSATIONS OF DROWNING.

A Tangle of Wild Thoughts Combined With Vague Notions of Time and Space—The Dreamy Doze, the Rescue and the Knife in His Back.

Standing on a chair near the deck rail of an ocean liner, a sudden lurch of the vessel flung me into the Atlantic. Instinctively as I went over I held my arms out for the dive, and while I was still falling I heard the cry ring out, "Man overboard!"

Down, down I sank, for the fall was from a considerable height. Being able to swim a little, I was spared the first mental agony experienced by the nonswimmer who unexpectedly finds himself in deep water. The surprise caused by the suddenness of the fall filled my brain, but as I struggled to regain the surface, my lungs almost bursting, the horrible thought of the propeller churning out its 100 revolutions a minute flashed upon me.

Should I be mangled beyond recognition in a second? Oh, for another year's sweet life! Would my leg be cut clean off or—

I could see the sky again, and I took a great breath of fresh air, though sick with fear. Then I saw the steamer had passed. I was spared mutilation to die slowly by drowning.

How rapidly the steamer was vanishing! I could catch a glimpse of it when a green wave lifted me high in the water. I would only be able to swim for ten minutes—ten little minutes, though I was still in the prime of life. Surely that cry as I fell would have roused somebody to action! And yet I was alone in the Atlantic, with possibly two miles of water between me and the bottom.

I looked round anxiously to see whether a life buoy had been thrown. There was nothing in sight but a white waste of water and the fast disappearing steamer.

My arms were growing heavy. All I tried to do was to keep my head above water, but I seemed to have been in it for that for an hour. My feet, too, were refusing to float. The end could not be far away.

My arms must both be broken or they would surely move and they ached terribly. What a long time a man could keep afloat! I was vaguely glad I could not swim very well, because it would have meant waiting for the end. Such a long time. It made one drowsy.

Another wave lifted me up, and I saw the steamer had changed its position. It must be going back to England to tell them at home what had happened to me. How soothing the sea was! If only I could stop trying to work my arms that ached—pain in them would cease and I might go to sleep.

Sometimes when I saw the ships which never seemed to get any further away now, I remembered I was dead and for another minute's life I had been [illegible] for my happiness.

What on earth were they playing at on the steamer? I had nearly caught it up again, only somehow I had got in front of it. It grew bigger, spidery, and it was coming straight on. It. Those silly, stupid people were not careful they might run over me yet.

Perhaps it would be better to go to sleep after all. My arms were aching, and I did not want to breathe so much now. It was getting dark and ever so much colder than it was last night. The steward must give me an extra blanket.

Why was everything so hazy and the room stuffy? I could hardly breathe. And yet it didn't matter. Nothing mattered, but I wished dreamily that some one would stop digging a knife into my back, for I was just dropping off to sleep nicely.

* * * * * * *

Next day I found the "knife" had been the point of a boat hook with which they picked me up as I came to the surface. The steamer had turned in a circle and arrived just in time.—London Answers.

Exaggerated.

The knack of looking at the bright side of things was never developed to such perfection as in the case of a man who, after a railway accident, telegraphed to his friend's wife:

"Your husband killed in railway accident; head and both arms and both legs cut off."

But later this correction was received:

"First report exaggerated. Your husband killed; head and legs cut off, but only one arm."

Mixed.

The following appeared in an Irish newspaper:

"Whereas, John Hall has fraudulently taken away several articles of wearing apparel without my knowledge, this is therefore to inform him that if he does not forthwith return the same his name shall be made public."—London Tattler.

An Imposition.

Magistrate: So you acknowledge having stolen the overcoat. Anything more to say? Prisoner: Yes, your honor. I had to have the sleeves relined.—Punch.

Why is it that the only time the newspapers spell a man's name right is when he is arrested for street fighting?—Los Angeles Times.

Does your back ache? Do you have sharp pains in the side and the small of the back? This is due, usually, to kidney trouble. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They will promptly relieve weak back, backache, rheumatic pains and all kidney and bladder disorders. Sold and recommended by L. K. Hogarth.

HUMAN MONSTERS.

Degenerates Who Have Revelled In Deeds of Blood.

No country is free from nightmare creatures, twisted natures apparently born without the slightest respect for human life. Some, indeed, seem actually to take a horrible delight in the destruction of their fellow creatures. Such a one was Alfred Kempp, executed at Hamilton, O., in August, 1893, for the murder of his wife and four other women. After his conviction and when he saw that no hope of life remained he coolly admitted that he had been a strangler for years, pouncing on little children, throttling them to death and hiding their bodies.

The "human mole" was a German degenerate whose horrible crimes shocked not only Germany, but the whole world. Johann Bobbe was his name. Though thin and weak looking his hands and arms were abnormally developed, and his finger nails were simply claws. Without any other tools than his hands he could burrow into the solid earth.

He had a little tobacco shop in a back street in Berlin, and here he excavated a deep pit under the floor and arranged a trapdoor over it. At the bottom of the pit was a huge iron spike. He would decoy his victims on to this trap and hurl them down to be impaled on the spike below.

No one knows the full tale of his victims. A deep pit was found in the yard adjacent, which was half full of mouldering human remains. Among others was Bobbe's own wife.

Another German criminal of a similar type was the schoolteacher Mueller, who was arrested on suspicion of murder at Duernburg, near Bayreuth. Evidence against him was only circumstantial, and it seemed that he might escape till the magistrate had the remains of a widow, who was supposed to be a victim of his, dug up, and Mueller was confronted with them. Then he broke down and confessed to a string of murders extending over a period of eight years. The details were so terrible that the court was cleared, and later the magistrate himself came out white and shaken. London Answers.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

How He Won the Title "The Carthaginian of Maine."

Among the many stories of Hannibal Hamlin's later experiences in the Maine legislature none of deeper interest shall be given than Holmes's, in his message, because it gives the origin of "the Carthaginian of Maine," a title that stuck to Hamlin through life. Holmes had been of the United States senate, and at this particular time, while General Hamlin, a member of the state house of representatives, was endeavoring to dominate over it.

Hamlin disliked the leadership with him, and Holmes anticipated to crush his young opponent by crushingly ridiculing his sallow complexion. Instantly Hamlin jumped to his feet and, pointing his finger at Holmes, retorted: "If the gentleman chooses to find fault with me for my complexion, what has he to say about himself? I take my complexion from nature. He gets his from the brandy bottle. Which is better, honorable?" The retort was given with great applause and cries of "go on."

Hamlin then continued, pointing his finger at Holmes: "I will also tell the member from Alfred that he is more conspicuous for trying to run dry-shod over Yankee men than for trying to encourage them. But as long as they are true to themselves and to nature and as long as the members from Alfred sticks to the brandy bottle they need not fear him." As soon as the cheers of the house could be sufficiently silenced Holmes retracted his words and made a manly apology. "The young Carthaginian routed the old Roman" was one humorous comment on the incident, and from that time Hamlin was thus frequently characterized.—Lewiston Journal.

One Way to Look at It.

Cornish humor is often unconscious, a writer in the English Illustrated Magazine says, and proceeds to furnish a concrete example.

"Gwain to larn your boy the fiddle, are 'ee?" asked some Cornishman of another.

"Iss," was the reply.

"He wain't never play the fiddle full."

"Ow shouldn't a?"

"Cos his head's too big."

"Go on with 'ee. The bigger the head the more tunes he'll hold."

Earth and Moon.

The moon's real diameter is 2,160 miles, not much more than a fourth of the earth's. Her surface is 14,000,000 square miles, or between a thirteenth and a fourteenth of the earth's. The earth's volume exceeds the moon's nearly forty-nine and one-half times, but the moon's material is lighter than the earth's, for the earth's mass exceeds hers not forty-nine and one-half times only, but nearly eighty-one and one-half times.—New York American.

Historical Revelation.

"How did you distinguish Achilles from the girls?" asked the Greeks. "How could you see that he was a man in woman's garb?"

"He didn't," explained Ulysses. "I drop his handkerchief every time he turned around."—Kansas City Journal.

A Dime Novel Reader.

"Did you tell Johnny to split that kindling?"

"Yes."

"But he didn't do it."

"No; he said he'd swim in blood first."—Washington Herald.

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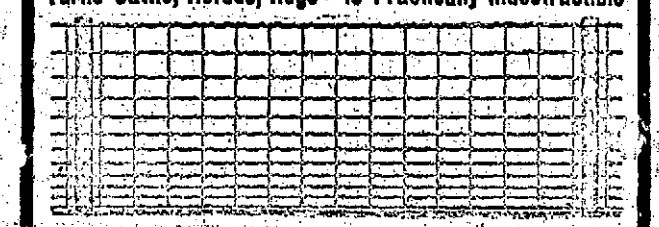

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 6, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—McKean County Fair and Races Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18.

—The Olean Elks visited the Bradford Elks yesterday and had a very enjoyable time.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald is authority for the statement that the window glass factory at that place will be operated this fall.

—Bolivar, the largest elephant in captivity, died at the zoo in New York last Friday. He was so vicious that he could not be taken out and it is thought he died of old age and lack of exercise.

—Ray E. Middaugh of Washington, D. C., on Saturday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to J. A. Sparks of Coryville, Pa., the Hale house and 1½ acres of land located on the trolley line one mile south of Portville, N. Y.

—Mrs. May Hubbard Collins of Galveston, Texas, aged 27 years, died at the Buffalo General hofpital on Saturday. She suffered a sunstroke at her home in Galveston on July 23d and was on her way to her former home in Bradford when she died. She is survived by her husband, Burt H. Collins, her mother, Mrs. Jane Hubbard, and one sister, Miss Jane Hubbard of Bradford.

—The storm of Friday evening was a very disastrous one for the farmers in this section. It will take some of them a number of years to get some portions of their farms back in as good condition as they were before the flood. There will be a large amount of money expended on the highways between now and fall. The oldest settler cannot remember such a tearing up of the turf as this was in this section.—Shinglehouse Mail.

—They have discovered a way to thin out the obnoxious English sparrows in Erie, Pa. Two owls which have taken possession of one of the squirrel houses in a tree on the court house lawn at Erie have launched forth into the sparrow eradication business. Janitor Avery noticed that the number of birds was rapidly diminishing and the other day discovered the secret when he had occasion to look into the squirrel house. He found the place literally filled with bones and feathers which formerly had constituted parts of the anatomies of sparrows.

—James Fetterman, aged 26 years, was jilted by his sweetheart at Sharon, Pa., the other night and securing a revolver shot four times at himself, but his aim was poor and he was not wounded. He was arrested for shooting inside the borough limit. Fetterman says he would have killed himself but for the fact that he stubbed his toe.

—Over at Coudersport last week a marriage license was granted to John Scalzo of Hornell and Mildred Coons of Galeton. The bride is 18 years old and was divorced a short time ago on the grounds of tender age. Her mother, Mrs. O. C. Wright, gave her consent. Twice married and only 18 years of age; her mother should spank her a few times yet. This couple were married on July 21, 1908, in Shinglehouse by Squire W. W. Martin.—Oswayo Valley Mail.

—In the death of Miti Colett, the 16-year-old Macedonian, who died at the Bradford hospital on Wednesday night a sad case of loneliness and poverty came to light. The boy was working in a wood chopper's camp near Smethport. Macedonians rarely come to this part of the country and no one else in the camp spoke the youngster's language. In a construction camp some distance away there was a 19-year-old interpreter who could talk to Colett. The boy had been at death's door for three weeks when the interpreter discovered him. He immediately brought him to the Bradford hospital, but he was too far gone to survive. The boy was in destitute circumstances and the county was compelled to take charge of the body. The boy has a brother, but and-so say-boys in jail at Smethport, serving time for selling liquor without a license.

The little attacks of stomach trouble and stomach disorders will undoubtedly lead to chronic dyspepsia unless you take something for a sufficient time to strengthen the stomach and give it a chance to get well. If you take Kodol in the beginning the bad attacks of Dyspepsia will be avoided, but if you allow these little attacks to go unheeded it will take Kodol a longer time to put your stomach in good condition again. Get a bottle of Kodol to-day. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Summer complaints and other serious ailments common in hot weather can be traced to the stomach nine times out of ten. Keep the stomach in good order right now by keeping a bottle of Kodol handy in the house all the time, but especially during this month. Take Kodol whenever you feel that you need it. That is the only time you need to take Kodol. Just when you need it; then you will not be troubled with sour stomach, belching, gas on the stomach, bloating, dyspepsia and indigestion. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits and made them *Medicines of Known Composition.*

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

Not only does the Wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, old liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases, wherever located, have printed upon it, in plain English, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing *in the strongest possible terms*, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Seneca-weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable native, medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription," is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

"Misery Loves Company."

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger on the bicycle, riding slowly up to the sidewalk and steadying himself by putting his foot on the curb, "but I am looking for a restaurant where I can get a good meal. Can you direct me to one?"

The man whom he addressed was standing in front of a store trying to rub a grain of sand out of his eye with one hand and holding his hat on with the other, for it was a windy day, and at first he made no response. But presently he spoke.

"Go to the next block," he said, "and turn to the right. Four doors down you will find a restaurant."

The stranger thanked him and rode off. About an hour later they accidentally met again. The stranger was on his way out of town. He stopped and spoke.

"My friend," he said, "I followed your directions. I went to the restaurant you directed me to, and I got the worst meal I ever had in my life."

"I thought you would," answered the other. "If you had waited till I got that grain of sand out of my eye I should have sent you to a good restaurant, but you didn't. I just had to divide my misery with somebody, and you happened to be handy."—Youth's Companion.

She Worked the Snake Cure.

Novel crimes are occasionally committed in Paris, as, for instance: An old gypsy woman called on a doctor living in the Place Pierrlere and asked him to visit her daughter, who was lying ill in a caravan on the fortifications near by. "I have tried the serpent cure," she said, "but there was no result. If you will allow me to pay your fee in advance I shall be sure you will come."

The doctor consented, and the old woman handed him a $100 note. As he was getting the change out of the safe she again mentioned the "serpent cure" and he asked her what it was. "Pills," she said, and, taking a box from under her rags, she turned half a dozen snakes out on the floor.

The doctor was startled and rushed out of the room. When he returned with a stick he found that the woman and the snakes had vanished, while all the money in his safe had also gone. He still kept the $100 note in his hand, but this proved to be a forgery.

A Victim of Leprosy.

"On my travels in Venezuela" said a New York man, "I shared an hotel with a Scotch tramp in whose family there was the trait of leprosy, though no specific case had yet broken out. One day at a watering place I caught his head down on the table with a cloth over it. He instantly replied that he did not feel the flies and sat looking at his hand, his face whitening with horror. Three days later I found him dead on his bed. He grabbed the pocketknife in a frenzy and stabbed the side of his hand with sledge cuts from thumb tip to wrist. You may not know that a prodromic appears in the side of the hand, numbness being a sign. The man did not feel the cuts. He arose from the table, knocking over his chair, rushed out into the courtyard of the hotel, and we heard the quick bang of a revolver shot, telling us how he had conquered the leper's curse by ending his life."

Dollar Bills by Weight.

"Dollar bills are worth almost their weight in gold," a bank president said the other day to a depositor.

"Yes, I suppose they come in handy for change and are easy to carry," the depositor replied absently.

"No; I was speaking literally," the bank president said. "We got into an argument in the bank here the other day as to how much a dollar bill weighed. A twenty dollar gold piece weighs 530 grains. We found that twenty-seven crisp, new one dollar bills weigh the same as a twenty dollar gold piece. We tested some bills that had been in use and found that it took but twenty-six of them to balance the gold piece. I suppose that twenty-six used bills gather an accumulation of dirt in passing from hand to hand that weighs about what one new bill does."—Kansas City Star.

Vagaries of the Plumb Line.

One of the curious things that men of science have discovered in their innumerable efforts to measure and map the earth with the least possible error is the fact that there are places where the direction of a plumb line is not vertical. Irregularities of density in the crust of the globe may produce this phenomenon.

A remarkable instance has been found in the island of Porto Rico where the deviation from the vertical is so great that in mapping the island the northern and southern coast lines, as shown on the older maps, had each to be moved inward half a mile.—New York Tribune.

The Brainy Bunch.

Mr. Slimm—Do you see those three people walking together down there?

Mrs. Getup—Yes; who are they?

Mr. Slimm—One is a communistist, one is a kleptomaniac and one is a plagiarist.

Mrs. Getup—Law sakes! I never dreamed we were going to meet so many brainy people in a bunch.—Kansas City Newsbook.

The Fuller He Gets.

"Biggins is a very inconsistent man."

"In what way?"

"The later he stays out at night the more he wants to sing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"—Exchange.

Conceit is the soap bubble of life, very large, very smooth and ascendant, until pricked.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not gripe or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For prospective teachers Eedinboro Normal is one of the best training schools. Fall term opens Sept. 8, 1908. Catalogue free. John F. Bigler, Prin.

Cherry History.

It is still asserted in schoolbooks that cherries were introduced to England by the "fruiterer" or greengrocer of Henry VIII., also, that they were not common for a hundred years after that time. This is an error. Mr. Thomas Wright found the name in every one of the Anglo-Saxon vocabularies which he edited. So common were they and so highly esteemed that the time for gathering them became a recognized festival—"cherry-tide" or "feast." And this grew into a proverbial expression for fleeting joys. Gower says the friars taught that "life is but a cherye-faire," and Hope "endureth but a throwe, right as it were a cherye-feste." There is more than one record of the purchase of trees for the king's garden at Westminster centuries before Henry VIII. was born. But Pliny contradicted the fable, as it in prophetic mood. After telling that Lucullus first brought cherries to Rome (from Pontus, in 680 A. U. C.), he adds that in the course of 120 years they have spread widely, "even passing over sea to Britain."—Cornhill Magazine.

The First English Bookmaker.

Both the Derby and the Oaks owe their names to that Earl of Derby who kept a pack of staghounds near Epsom during the last quarter of the eighteenth century and resided at a hunting box called the Oaks. Fifty years later a spiteful description of the Oaks and its jockeys was recorded in the diary of Charles Greville. In the report of the first Derby run the names of five starters and of all the riders are missing and there is no betting quotation.

As the earliest known bookmaker, Vauxhall Clarke, was hanged, not for welshing, but for highway robbery, betting on the race course could not at that period have been a particularly profitable profession. Jockeys did not then possess their present princely salaries, but with a few of a guinea were more richly rewarded than those of King James I., who were regaled by Sir Britain Solomon with long speeches, delivered half in Latin and half in Caledonian.—Westminster Gazette.

Financial Poetry.

An unusual album was presented to Willis Clark, brother of Lewis Gaylord Clark, a poet, on one occasion, with a request for "some rhymes."

Mr. Clark was at the house of a farmer, and the man's daughter had turned an old account book into an autograph album, in which were inscribed the names of her various friends and relatives below appropriate sentiments.

Mr. Clark saw his opportunity, and after thinking over the matter for a few minutes he took a pen and wrote the following verse:

	£ s. d.
What man is worth	
Our lives do show	
Is according to what he owes	
When	
That they are dear at	19
And yet to say there many are	
Who	
Although they may not have	1

—London Graphic.

Pepys on May Dew.

In Pepys' time May dew—that is, dew gathered from the grass on a May morning, and especially on the morning of May day—was highly prized for bleaching linen and improving the complexion. Pepys wrote in 1667: "My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich in order to a little air on [illegible] there tonight and so to gather May dew tomorrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with, and I am contented with it." Two years later he made this entry in his diary: "Troubled, about 3 in the morning, with my wife's calling her maid up and, rising herself, to go with her coach abroad to gather May dew, which she did, and I troubled for it for fear of any hurt going abroad so betimes happening to her, but I to sleep again." She came home about 6."

Very Sagacious.

A farmer had a very sagacious dog which he had trained to count his sheep as they passed through a particular opened gate, against which a pile of stones were placed for the dog's use. As each sheep passed through the dog placed one of the stones aside. One day, much to the farmer's surprise, he found the dog trying to break a stone in half, and on himself counting the flock he found there had been an addition in the night of a lamb.

Knew the Value.

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of an old darky who was to be the next witness. "Yes, sah, I does. One ob dese yeah lawyers done gib me fohh dollars for to swear to sutfin. Dat's de value of an oath. Fohh dollars, sah." And then there was consternation in the courtroom.—St. Joseph News.

Tit For Tat.

"We thought we'd rather move than clean house."

"An original idea."

"Not so original. It had also occurred to the people who vacated the abode we leased."—Kansas City Journal.

Fictitious.

Little Joe (reading)—What is a fictitious character, aunty's Aunty—One that is made up, dear. Little Joe—Then you are a fictitious character, aren't you, aunty?—Chicago News.

The Old Standby.

Landlady's son (addicted to nickel literature)—Say, pardner, what's meant by 'stand by to repel boarders?' Mr. Newcome (sadly eying his dessert)—Stewed prunes!—Judge.

Pineules for Backache, little gold globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Bedouin's Idea of a Locomotive.

It is interesting to know that the railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem was made possible by locomotives from Philadelphia. They were originally made, writes Professor H. W. Dunning in "Today in Palestine," for a road in Central America which unfortunately could not pay for them when they were ready for delivery. They happened to be just right for the Jaffa-Jerusalem line and were at once purchased and shipped.

I happened to be in Jerusalem, he writes, the day the first locomotive arrived there, Aug. 20, 1892. Not only the people from the city, but many from the villages, came to see the new wonder. Among them was a Bedouin from beyond Jordan. He carried back the report to the tribe:

"It is like a big iron woman. It gives one screech and then runs away."

This ingenious description spread rapidly through the ancient land of Moab.

The Lion and the Child.

The strange spectacle of a lion playing with a child is reported to have been witnessed at Vryheid. A Dutch farmer, accompanied by his wife and little boy, was out shooting game. Suddenly the attention of the parents was drawn to the child, who had toddled a short distance away to gather wild flowers. Crowing with delight, the fellow was pulling the hair of a full grown lion, and the animal appeared to be enjoying the operation. Spellbound, the farmer and his wife stood gazing at the scene. The farmer, even if his gun had contained a shot, could not have fired because of the child. The lion skipped sportively round the boy until, startled by loud shouts from the parents, it walked quietly away, followed by a lioness, which up to then had lain concealed in the long grass. A hunt was afterward organized, but the lions had disappeared into the thick bush.—East Rand Express.

She Hated Garrick.

Mrs. Clive was eminent as an actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and as his blaze of excellence threw all others into comparative insignificance she never forgave him and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude and violent in her temper and spared nobody.

One night as Garrick was performing "King Lear" she stood behind the scenes to observe him and, in spite of the roughness of her nature, was so deeply affected that she fainted away, fell into a fit and almost died on the spot, and at length overcome by his pathetic touches, she hurled from the pillow with the following extraordinary attribute to the universality of his powers: "Hang him! I doubt he could play a gridiron."—[illegible] Weekly.

An Acrobat's Dilemma.

The acrobat of the music hall has the end in view except to relax amusement. But suppose one should meet them in ordinary life? Mr. Berkeley, the proprietor of a London hotel, was in his office about 6 o'clock one evening when he heard a shriek at the door, while a voice which seemed to express pain, cried "Open!" Mr. Berkeley obeyed, but a cry of horror escaped him, and he almost fell back ward. He saw before him, rolling on the ground, topsy turvy, a kind of human ball which was walking upon its hands, with the head twisted round, eyes protruding and neck contorted.

"I did not wish to alarm my neighbors," gasped this extraordinary being—it was a contortionist from a circus who had been practicing in his room—"but I cannot unhook my leg from behind my neck, and unless you can help me I am afraid it is all up with me."

Mr. Berkeley disentangled the acrobat, who fell exhausted on a chair. He had descended twenty stairs upon his hands in this position.

His Limit.

Operator—What do you think of the new foreman, Jimmie? Printer's Devil—Say, dat feller could print all he knows in display type on a postage stamp without canceling the stamp.—Exchange

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes. Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday August 6, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sinnemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HASCOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR TREASURER
HENRY F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
JEROME M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN E. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, Pro.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABREY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

BRONSON HOWARD, dean of American playwrights, died at Avon-on-the Sea on Tuesday. He was 66 years of age and the cause of his death was heart disease.

A TERRIBLE fire has been raging in the lumber district of British Columbia all this week. It is estimated that between 150 and 200 lives have been lost and the property damage is placed between ten and twenty million dollars. Nine lumber towns have been completely destroyed and over 4,000 people are reported to be homeless. Telegraph communications have been destroyed and details are lacking.

A CHICAGO dispatch says that the government will ask a rehearing of the Standard Oil case before the circuit court of appeals within thirty days. United States Attorney Sims said "We will file a petition for a rehearing of the case before the circuit court of appeals within 30 days. If the court denies this, we will push the prosecution of all the cases against the Standard Oil Company. The fight has just begun."

PRIVATE messages received in London yesterday stated that the Sultan of Turkey had been stabbed by a member of the young Turk movement and his condition is precarious. He was wounded in the back, the knife penetrating to the hilt. It is feared that the wound may cause his death. Every effort is being made by the authorities to prevent the spread of the news as it would mean immediate revolution and overthrow of the government.

THE war vessel of the future will be a swift, smokeless, noiseless craft, lying low in the water, with every vulnerable part below the water line, the entire deck being given over to the work of the guns. There will be no smoke stacks. In the night time there will be nothing to betray the presence of this invincible fighting demon to the enemy. This prediction has been made by Robert Heywood Fernald, mechanical engineer who has for several years been connected with the fuel investigations of the United States Geological Survey. Mr. Fernald believes that the gas engine or internal combustion motor, as it is called by engineers, will be installed in naval vessels of the United States within the next few years.

THE Journal of The Knights of Labor, published at Washington, D. C. and the official organ of that order publishes the following as its leading editorial in its August number. The Socialist, Populist, Republican, Democratic, Prohibitionist and Independence parties have held their national conventions, nominated candidates for the presidency, and promulgated their platforms. Organized labor is interested chiefly in the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties, because it seeks tangible results. It is needless, therefore, to speak of the principles or candidates of the minor parties. As between the Republican and Democratic platforms there is little choice. The former pledges the party to preserve personal security, personal liberty and private property, and to uphold the authority of the courts as a means to that end; while the Democratic platform makes no such pledges, but in lieu thereof contains a meaningless panegyric on courts, followed by ambiguous expressions such as the following: "Injunctions should not be issued in any cases in which injunctions would not issue if no industrial dispute were involved;" and "There should be no abridgment of the right of wage-earners and producers to organize for the protection of wages and the improvement of labor conditions to the end that such labor organizations and their members should not be regarded as illegal combinations in restraint of trade." Now, the first of these propositions, when reduced from the hypothetical to the categorical form in which it would appear if enacted into law, really means this: "Except in cases involving labor disputes no injunction shall hereafter issue." The second of these planks is even a better piece of jugglery than the first. It consists of two negative hypothetical sentences connected by the final conjunction, "to the end that;" which has the effect of making the last sentence depend upon the first. In such case the negative in the first clause cancels the negative in the second, so that the whole thing would, on being reduced to an indicative sentence, means this: "Any abridgment of the existing legal right of wage-earners or others producers to organize, etc., shall be made solely with the intent that labor organizations shall be regarded as illegal combinations in restraint of trade." Such is the effect of the Gompers planks of the Democratic platform on the strength of which Mr. Gompers has sought to deliver the entire entire vote of the Federation of Labor over to the Democratic party. It he had been engaged by the worst trust lawyers in the country to act as a decoy duck to lead organized labor to its own destruction, he would unquestionably have adopted just such a scheme of bogus pledges. It is pleasing, however, to know that Gompers has lost his influence with the great body of workingmen by his insane effort to deliver them to one political party by means of false pretenses. Henceforth, this gentleman will be obliged to flock by himself. He has come to the end of his tether. Working men who have been heretofore allowing him to pose as their leader will hereafter treat him as an imposter. How completely he has violated the constitution of the Federation by means of his editorials in the organ of that order will fully appear from the extracts from that constitution and from the resolutions and reports copied in another column from the proceedings of the 26th and 27th annual conventions of the A. F. of L. What is the membership of the organization going to do about it? Will they leave the decaying hulk of the Federation to sink or will they tolerate the invasion of their personal liberty and yield to the demands of a boss?

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pineules for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pineules at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Excelsior Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 20 days trial; stationary when open; noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Younge. The Wasson Stanchion Co., Box 557, Cuba, N. Y.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy for all forms of piles relives pain, soothes, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve but just one original. Nothing else just as good. Insist on DeWitt's. It is cleansing, cooling and soothing. Sold by L. E. Hogarth.

Pinesilve Carbolized nets like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

At market prices—ducks and chickens dressed and delivered by H. E. Spring, Hill St. next to grist mill.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUINN.

I will pick up all of your empty barrels every Monday and pay cash. Save them for me.

I want to clear out what Hemlock and Hardwood Lumber I have and will sell cheap for cash. Have all sizes. I have some nice fence post for sale.

C. H. GLEASON.

Announcement.

I have returned from the National convention of the Prohibition party at Columbus, O., to which I had the honor of being a delegate. It was a noble assemblage of eleven hundred delegates truly representing the greatest issue before the American people, and its platform and candidates are worthy of the cause they represent. The names of Chafin and Watkins will become historic either as President or Vice-President of the United States and as the peerless leaders of a great party who in a great campaign demonstrated themselves best qualified to fill the highest office in the gift of the people.

Enthused as I am with the exalted spirit of that great convention, it is with no passing wave of enthusiasm that I am impelled to announce to the voters of Potter, McKean and Tioga counties, myself as the nominee of the Prohibition party for State Senator, with the intention of being elected.

In the senate it will be my special effort to procure the enactment of a law giving every county, city, borough and township the right to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks. As a prohibitionist I am unalterably opposed to the manufacture of such liquors. As a man of ordinary intelligence I am opposed to their use. As a christian citizen, business man, father and a tender hearted human being it is my duty to secure protection against the saloon, brewery, distillery and other similar homewrecking and business paralyzing industry. If I have in twenty years of active business life dealt squarely with every man and faithfully striven to develope the manufacturing possibilities of this region. If I have during that time endeared myself to the laboring man; I ask business men and other working people to believe me that their best interests will be promoted by supporting the Prohibition ticket this fall. For Auditor General, when I had no thought of success, and solisited no votes, McKean county gave me eleven hundred. This year I ask it for three thousand. Representing the cause dearest to the heart of Potter county, I rely on its support. And Tioga's reputation as the stronghold of Temperance Republicanism is at stake, if its tobakr of liquor domination fails to equal that of its sister counties.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

Good Paying Store to Exchange For a Farm.

We offer for sale or exchange the general store of W. A. McDowell in Ceres, N. Y. Large corner store, lodge rooms and living rooms on second floor with meat market building in rear. Stock of general merchandise with annual sales of over $15,000. Stock will be sold at invoice, about $4,000. Store making nice profit every month. Will sell at very reasonable price and on easy terms or will exchange for good farm. Only reason for selling is that owner desires to go west where his son is located and in business. If interested, write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain hand tops; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWERF, McKean Co., PA.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$293,000.00
Resources about	$500,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business: no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
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PICKLES

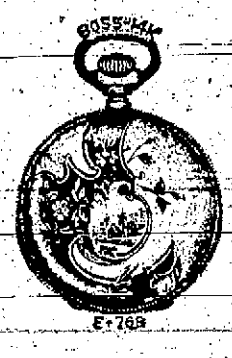
This week we offer Sweet, Sour and Mixed Pickles, at inducing prices.

All kinds of Fruit and Green Goods.

Fine Graulated Salt $1.25 a barrel.

Diamond F. Salt $1.50 a barrel.

Oscar Engstrom.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle. 50 cents.

H. W. RUBIN

Hot Weather

is here, and our BARGAINS in Clothing have also arrived. All Summer SUITS for men and boys will go at prices that will make you sit up and take notice. Come and see.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 unequaled.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection, and the beautiful Marlin balance, the gun is a wonder in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot guns, and lots of valuable information for all gunlovers in the Marlin Booklet just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. 4c in U.S. for postage required.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St. New Haven, Conn.

ANDORFER & LYLE

Groceries.

Headquarters for FRUITS & GREEN GOODS in Season.

Just Received shipment of NEW CELERY.

Our Prices are Right
Consistent with Quality of Goods

ANDORFER & LYLE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of John Shearer, deceased.

Letters of Administration having been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the said John Shearer, late of Hamilton Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Joseph Shearer, residing at Warren in the County of Warren and State aforesaid, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay, to

JOSEPH SHEARER, Administrator
Warren, Pa., R. F. D. No. 4.
Bell phone W 1[illegible]

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned upon the 6th day of July, 1908, granted letters of administration of the estate of Patrick Bacon, deceased, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. All persons having claims or demands against said estate will make same known to me without delay, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment.

DANIEL BACON, Administrator.
DeRoe, Pa., July 13th, 1908

Semi-Annual Clearance

—OF—

The Lindholm Co.

From Saturday, June 27th,

To Saturday, July 18th.

Three weeks of money saving days for wise buyers. Don't forget the dates; you know the place.

Rock Bottom Prices. The chance of this season to buy dry goods regardless of cost.

List of some of our offerings will be left at your door. Look it over--then come.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

The Economy Refrigerators

are the best for the money. Ice lives longer and food keeps fresher in them than in any other line for the same money.

Small family size	$ 9.00
Medium family size	11.00
Large family size	12.50

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 6, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—J. A. Holder is having his house repainted.

—Remember the dance at the Lyceum Saturday evening.

—Read C. H. Gleason's new ad. in this issue. It will be worth your time.

—One tank in the Berney-Bond Bottle factory will be started September 8th.

—Daly & Garlick have a new advertisement of great interest in to-day's issue.

—P. S. Curran has moved his family into the W. S. Gifford house on King street.

—Mrs. T. F. Richmond and son, Paul, have moved into the Milliken house on Main street.

—The Bradford police will arrest all automobilists who exceed the speed limit in that city in the future.

—Rev. E. N. Turner will hold services in the Baptist church on Sunday next, morning and evening.

—Mrs. Samuel E. Bell entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Scott F. Redfield has moved his family into his new home at the corner of Main and Washington streets.

—Mrs. Mary E. Looker, relict of the late R. E. Looker, died at her home in Kane a few days ago. She was aged 60 years.

—Out of town stores offer no better bargains than Monheimer offers in his advertisement on this page. Suits at half price.

—St. Gabriel's church at Port Allegany was struck by lightning recently. The damage amounted to several hundred dollars.

—B. D. Wendell and family wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to those who gave such material assistance during their late bereavement.

—Olean is to have a new postoffice building which is to cost $80,000. The new building will be erected on the site where the Hotel Imperial now stands.

—Mrs. George A. Dunning received the sad news last week that her brother, Bernard Blakeslee, was drowned in the Susquehanna river at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

—Harry Kellar, the famous magician, has decided to abandon the stage and make his home in Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Kellar has attained a wonderful reputation during his years of stage life.

—Mr. Joseph Kervin of Duke Center and Miss Jessie Sprague of Eldred were united in marriage at St. Raymond's church, Eldred, on Wednesday, July 29.

—The advertising wagon for the Fourth Annual McKean County Fair and Races will soon be on the road. Some very attractive lithographs and posters will be used.

—Misses Esther Erhart and Myra Sherburne entertained with a picnic at the Bickwith farm last Wednesday in honor of Miss Katherine Kerby and brother of Painesville, Ohio.

—The rain Tuesday night and Wednesday was most welcome. The water in the reservoir was getting alarmingly low and the dust from the streets was becoming an awful nuisance.

—The Rev. James M. Robertson of Emporium will officiate in St. Luke's church on next Sunday, August 9th. Services at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. Services at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—Col. William Myers, aged 71 years a well-known oil country character and maker of nitro-glycerine, died in a Buffalo hospital on Wednesday of last week. He had made his home in Bolivar for several years.

—It would be well for parents to be careful about sending their children berrying on the hill back of the court house, as a large wild cat was seen there by J. A. Hall Saturday evening when he was after his cow.

—The Premium List for the fourth annual fair of the McKean County Fair Association has just been issued from this office and will be mailed shortly. The fair and races this year promise to be bigger and better than ever before.

—The following young people are camping at Portville: Misses Emma Tretton, Mildred Gleason, Katherine Mayo, Enda and Thea Freeman Emogene McGowan, and Elsie Sherer; Messrs. Claude Lyons, Neil Gleason, Jesse Cosper, Myron Gallup and John Tretton.

—The excavating for the juvenile is progressing rapidly. Three blocks are nearly at grade now and the trenches are being dug for the curbing. By next week they are expected to commence putting in the concrete and it will not be a great while before these blocks are finished.

—At Salamanca last night William VanArnum, aged 51 years, shot and killed his son, Henry VanArnum, aged 26 years. The father and son had been having a fight during the evening, during which the son struck his father on the head, producing a bad scalp wound. Procuring a revolver the father fired three shots at the son, one taking effect in the right temple, causing a wound which resulted in almost immediate death. Young VanArnum leaves a wife and one child. Both are half-breeds and bear an unsavory reputation, the murdered man having just been liberated from a reformatory.

—The borough council at their meeting Monday evening decided to do away with all the catch-basins, amounting to 32, and use larger sewer pipe instead. This means a saving of about $1,200, as the difference in the cost of the larger pipe is small. The sewer pipes will be sixteen inches in diameter and will be of corrugated iron.

—Monday night the Smethport Hose company tested their chemical fire extinguishers and found them in excellent working order. Two large fires were built in the street in front of the hose house and after they were well started the extinguishers were used with excellent results. This precaution was taken on account of the scarcity of water in the reservoir.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Myers have moved to Clarion, where Mr. Myers has accepted a position in the Normal schools. Mr. Myers was formerly county superintendent of schools here and has made his home in Smethport for nearly fifteen years. During that time Mr. Myers and his estimable wife have made many firm friends, who will greatly miss them, but wish them the best of success in their new home.

—An attempt was made one evening last week to burn the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Troutman at Mina. The family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Troutman and their two boys, were nearly suffocated. Fortunately one of the boys awakened and aroused his parents. An investigation proved that kerosene oil had been poured on one side of the house and set on fire. The early discovery of the fire prevented much damage being done.—Potter Democrat.

—An associated press dispatch from New York in the Pittsburg Dispatch of Thursday last says that George Bell of the Brooklyn, N. Y. grounds shut out the Pittsburg team on Thursday last with the vision of his dying baby's face before him. After the game he broke down and cried like a child in the dressing room and that night left for his home in Knoxville, Tazewell county. At last reports the baby was alive. Bell will be remembered by local baseball fans as the star pitcher for Coudersport in the days of the McKean-Potter league.

—At a meeting of the borough council Monday night a resolution was adopted to strictly enforce the ordinance in regard to rebuilding and repairing sidewalks. Therefore all who have received notices to rebuild or repair their sidewalks and do not do so within twenty days, will have the work done by the street commissioner with the usual penalty. However it is understood that property owners on Main street adjacent to the proposed pavement will be given time to ascertain the proper grade before building or repairing three weeks.

—McKean Lodge, No. 385, F. & A. M., will hold an outing and clam-bake at Island Park, Smethport, Wednesday August 12, and all brother Masons of this or neighboring lodges and ladies are invited to be present. At noon a luncheon consisting of clam chowder, raw clams, etc., will be served and about 1 p. m. the lake will be opened and dinner served. During the afternoon a baseball game and other amusements will be indulged in and a good time is assured. Tickets for each Mason, including two ladies, $2.00; when more than two ladies accompany a Mason 75 cents per plate extra will be charged.

—Giovanni B. Papi, an alleged Black Hand desperado, was lodged in jail here yesterday on a charge of attempted murder of a fellow countryman near Kane. P. Strano, his intended victim, is in the Kane hospital with a badly slashed throat and his wounds may prove fatal. It is said that on Thursday last Papi demanded $50 from Strano, a paperwood contractor, in the usual Black Hand style and when refused used his stiletto and fled. Capoletty, a brother-in-law of Strano, took up his trail and followed Papi to DuBois, where he met him and made him surrender at the point of a big revolver. Papi was then turned over to the police and brought to Smethport.

Personal Mention.

Kurt Backus left Monday for Salamanca.

John B. Eastman had business in Bradford on Monday.

Mrs. O. T. Chase is visiting her sister at Port Jarvis, N. Y.

Paul Doolittle of Eldred passed Sunday with friends in town.

Hon. L. Rogers of Kane was in town Wednesday on business.

W. P. Eckles of Kane was a Smethport visitor on Saturday.

John Connolly of Olean spent Sunday with his parents of town.

Mrs. William Sullivan left for Hornell Tuesday to visit relatives.

Mrs. Fred Kuntz and Mrs. W. D. Morey were Bradford visitors Monday.

Mrs. Harvey Keller returned to her home in Monongahela City Saturday.

Mrs. A. E. Person of Buffalo, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. Sheridan Gorton.

A. H. Kohler is in Cleveland this week doing carpenter work for Jacob Hafner.

Misses Ruth Holmes and Zola Braster returned home Tuesday from New Castle.

Harvey Lynn of Buffalo was the guest of E. L. Keenan and family over Sunday.

Miss Margaret Durst left Saturday for Williamsport, Pa., where she expects to visit friends and relatives for the next few months.

Mrs. Thos. L. Whitton of Olean was the guest of Miss Sylvia Lawrence this week.

Miss Gertrude Wendell passed Sunday in Bradford the guest of Mrs. M. Wilcox.

Mrs. Agnes McIntire of Kane is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Garrett.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin left Sunday for a two weeks' visit to the Thousand Islands.

Miss Anna Schuabel of Olean was the guest of friends in town the latter part of last week.

William Stadler returned Monday, after a four weeks' visit with his parents at Vineland, N. J.

J. F. Dugan, Mrs. J. A. McKean and Miss Carney were calling on friends at Clermont Monday.

Mrs. Freeman Chadwick departed Tuesday for a three weeks' visit with friends in Michigan.

Floyd Heath left Monday for Cleveland where he will visit friends and relatives for a week or ten days.

Mrs. Julia Tanner, who has been the guest of her sister for the past week left Monday for her home in Buffalo.

Mrs. H. L. Jones of Bradford visited her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Howe, Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Misses Sylvia Lawrence and Mayte Connolly were visiting Bradford and Olean friends the first of this week.

Mrs. A. W. Cudegrove and daughter, Eleanora, returned Tuesday from Chipmunk where they had been for the past week.

Mrs. T. H. Pancoast and daughter, Helen, who have been the guests of Mrs. O. J. Hamlin for the past week, returned to Olean Monday.

S. E. Bell took George Morrison, who is suffering with inflammatory rheumatism, to Stoneville in his auto on Tuesday where he will receive treatment.

Mrs. Jennie Bell, Mrs. C. H. Worden and little daughter, Ruth, of Olean are visiting Mrs. Bell's parents, and Mrs. Wood's grandparents, J. A. Hall and wife.

Adelbert Brown, daughter, Nina, and son, Harry, of Warsaw, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. Sloan in town. They drove up from Olean with Will Brown in his auto.

Mrs. Frank Reynolds and daughter Ethel returned home Monday evening from Vineland, N. J., where they have been guests of relatives and friends for the past month.

The Misses Ella and Margaret Howe of Instanter visited friends and relatives in town last week. Miss Margaret recently graduated from Villa Maria academy at Erie.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McAbon are spending a six weeks' vacation in the Adirondack Mountains. Before returning they will visit their former home at Monroeville, N. Y.

Miss Emma Sawyer left last Friday for Wyoming, Silver Lake and Geneva, N. Y., for a month's visit with relatives and friends. She will return by way of Galeton, Pa., where she will visit her brother, Shell B. Sawyer.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 1, 1908.

H. E. Cooley, Bessie Dunn, Mrs. Katie Ryan, E. A. Taylor, Napolitano Gommino, Parnesi Enrico. Foreign—Enerico Baldoni, Farruci Francesco, Angelo Lautizi.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

This Morning

we put on Sale our entire stock of Men's Suits—Blue Serges, Black Thibets and fancy Worsteds—at exactly

Half Price.

No reason in the world why a single one of the lot should sell for a cent less than its real worth, but we know the advantage of starting a new season with a clean slate and these prices will do it!

Suits that were:

$20, $18, $15, $12, $10

Sell now:

$10, $9, $7.50, $6, $5

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

CLEARANCE SALE OF TAILORED SKIRTS.

Our complete stock of Ladies' and Little Woman's fine tailored Skirts go on sale this week at a reduction of one-fourth from regular prices.

This includes all of the late spring styles in Voiles, Panamas and Novelties in plain and fancy colors and all sizes from 22 to 30 inch waist and 37 to 44 inch length.

A finely tailored Skirt at the price of the material alone is a chance that you should not let go by, so be on hand Friday morning for the first pick.

Regular prices range from $3.75 to $17.50.

During the sale you may have your pick for $2.81 to $13.13.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

I have everything in the Grocery Line that you need, and my prices are right. Give me a trial and be convinced.

I have just received a supply of nice Olives. We also handle Olives in the bulk, which are just the thing to take when you go for an outing.

Now is the time that moths are working on your winter clothes. If you find this so try Hygeno. It is also good to keep away ants, and the best thing in market to keep flies off cattle. In fact, Hygeno can't be beat for a disinfectant and to keep away vermin.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

$10.60 from Smethport

—TO—

Atlantic City,

CAPE MAY,

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY,

NEW JERSEY.

AUGUST 14, 26, 1908

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 4:03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

Settled Out Of Court.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Judge Sanford was hearing a case in the ——municipal court. The witness in the chair had just been sworn in, giving her full name as Lida Graves Russell Roe, counsel for the plaintiff and an old friend of the Graves family, had asked her to tell just what she had seen regarding the accident when Mr. Brown had been run down by a large red touring car some two months before. He asked a few direct questions and then turned her over to the lawyer for the other side.

Hugo Holland, counsel for the owner of the automobile, hesitated about putting this lovely girl on the rack of cross examination, and when her great big eyes looked helplessly into his he almost felt the case was lost.

"What did you say your name was?" asked Holland, floundering about for a leading question.

"Lida Graves," replied the witness.

"What do you do for a livelihood?" followed up Holland.

Lida turned to the kindly faced judge as if for explanation, and over his face came a sinister smile.

"He means are you a working woman?" explained the judge. Then, turning to Holland, he scowled and continued: "I wish the counsel would stop this tomfoolery and ask questions pertaining to the case. Miss Graves is a lady of leisure—a blind man could see that. Come, come," and he rapped the desk with his gavel.

"You take an oath, do you, that the chauffeur did not sound the horn?" said Holland.

"Yes," answered the witness.

"You swear to that, do you?" reiterated the lawyer.

"How many times do you want the witness to repeat that statement?" interposed Roe for the other side.

This started a warfare of objections and exceptions. The two lawyers and the judge became involved in legal technicalities, Holland asking one question and Roe objecting, the judge seemingly sustaining all objections. The lawyers—indeed the personalities and the judge—pounded for order, quiet again reigned in the courtroom.

"From the evidence before me, I render a verdict in favor of Mr. Brown, the plaintiff, for $1,000. The court will take a recess until 2 o'clock," Lida heard the judge.

Half an hour later Lida Graves and her lunch mates, secured a table in a cool corner of the room and ordered a light luncheon. She had come into town at the earnest plea of old Mr. Brown, whom she had seen injured by the touring car and had testified in his behalf.

Sipping her iced tea, she glanced about the room and, to her surprise, at a nearby table saw the two lawyers who half an hour ago had been so personal in their remarks to each other. The pinheaded idiot and the lantern jawed attorney had evidently decided to bury their differences in a friendly meal, Mr. Roe caught her eye and in a few moments came up to her table.

"May I bring my friend Mr. Holland over to meet you under more favorable circumstances?" he asked.

"You may not," answered Lida with some spirit. "That man is a brute. Why, Mr. Roe, he accused me of—well, of actually telling an untruth on the stand."

"Oh, well, that's all in the business, you know, Miss Lida," soothed Roe. "He was paid to do that."

"What do you mean—a man receives money to accuse a woman of"—

Roe saw that his arguments were futile and returned to his friend. Lida finished her luncheon and took the train for Linden Beach, where the Graves family was spending the summer at a fashionable hotel.

Sauntering around the broad piazzas the following Sunday morning she met face to face the two lawyers, and it was inevitable that she must meet the brutal Mr. Holland. Despite her aversion to the man who had cross examined her, she had to yield to the charm of his genial manners.

"I say, Miss Graves," he began, "we're going to appeal that case, you know."

Lida smiled.

"What case?" she asked.

"Why, my case; that is, your case," stammered Holland.

They looked around for Mr. Roe, but he had disappeared to let them fight it out alone, and when, several hours later, he passed them comfortably settled in a rustic seat under the trees Roe decided that Holland must be more persuasive out of court than in it.

Weeks had slipped by, and one bright Sunday morning found Russell Roe in his white flannels and Lida in her daintiest of summer frocks arguing in the sun parlor.

"But, Miss Lida, it's rank injustice," he was saying. "It's the meanest kind of a trick to go over to the other side. I never would have classed you with the traitors."

"But I'm not a traitor," answered Lida, blushing. "I think lawyers on the whole, and one or two individually, are a mean lot. Why, their whole stock in trade seems to be calling people horrid names. Mr. Holland accused me of prevaricating, and now you turn about and call me a traitor."

"Well, will you go rowing with me this afternoon or won't you?" asked Roe, with a somewhat legal tone.

"It is not a question of whether I will or not, my dear Mr. Roe," said Lida. "I simply cannot; I have an other engagement."

"Exactly!" sang out Roe, with a triumphant air. "With the lawyer for the other side, with that mean, despicable little Holland; a man who stoops to accuse women of untruth; a man who stoops to steal witnesses; a thief, a"—

"I refuse to listen to you, Mr. Roe," flared Lida, and she turned and left Roe in his wicker chair to finish up cigar in solitude.

Roe's face did not take on a very disconsolate look. Indeed, a casual observer would have said it was overspread with a look of absolute contentment. And later, in the afternoon when he saw Lida Graves and his best friend, Hugo Holland, making their way toward the wharf, the expression of Roe's face was still that of great satisfaction.

Hugo pulled a fine stroke, and they swung into the little cove in a short time. The twilight shadows fell about them and conversation had lagged. Letting the boat drift slowly where the tide chose to take it, Hugo leaned forward and gazed into his companion's face.

"Let's play court," suggested Holland.

"All right," agreed Lida. "I'll be the judge."

"Not at all," remonstrated Hugo. "You've had no experience in that line. You will be the witness in the chair."

"Well, all right. But what are you going to be?" asked Lida, somewhat bewildered.

"Oh," said Holland, with great authority, "I'll be all the rest. I'm the judge, the jury and the lawyer for both sides. Now, you're on the stand and under oath, remember."

"Promise you won't ask me how old I am nor what I do for a living," laughed Lida.

"I am now talking to the judge," he began, and, turning to an imaginary figure, he continued: "You see the accused, Hugo Lawrence Holland, is desperately in love with the plaintiff, Lida Graves."

"Oh, Mr. Holland," interrupted Lida, "I really do not think"—

"Order in the court," roared Holland. Then, looking directly at Lida, he said, "Will you listen to this suit of Holland for your heart and hand?"

Lida laughed. The situation was irresistible.

"It seems that I must—whether I will or not."

"The one bad feature of the case is the existence of a two legged beast," continued Holland—"one Russell Roe," looking directly at the witness, he said, "Do you love this man, prisoner?"

"Certainly not," accepted Lida.

The entire court chuckled gleefully at this.

"On your oath?" added Holland.

"On my oath," repeated Lida.

And then—The contest seemed to be that—He held fast his grip in some manner. Finally, after much laughing, he asked:

"And this man, this one Hugo Holland, do you care for him just the least little bit?"

Lida looked at him for a moment, and then, with a merry twinkle in her big eyes, she said, "Please let me be the judge—just for a minute?"

"All right," said Holland, as he gripped an oar for support.

"Ahem," began Lida with judiciary manner. "I think this case should be settled out of court. It seems to me that the plaintiff and the defendant can make satisfactory arrangements without the aid of outside parties."

Hugo now gripped both oars and rowed as if he had entered a varsity race with his life at stake. They were on shore in the twinkling of an eye, and the testimony given there was even more direct, for Lida was in Hugo's arms and her face was very close to his.

Angler's Bitter Memories.

Although angling has been and still is one of the chief delights of my life, something bitter always arises when I think of my fishing experiences. Taught from my earliest years to handle a rod and throw a fly, it has nevertheless never been my good fortune to grass a really big fish. On the other hand, some of the greatest duffers, so far as angling goes, I have ever known have "wiped my eye" time and again at salmon fishing. Only a year or two since I had a friend staying with me at Dupplin castle, who, to the best of my belief, had never before handled a salmon rod or any kind of rod in his life. But almost at the first cast—if one could dignify the action by such a name—he rose, hooked and eventually grassed a forty pounder. Another friend, also a most indifferent fisherman, killed single handed a splendid fish that went all but fifty pounds. But I, who have given years to the game, have never seen my spring balance tally more than thirty-one pounds. —Earl of Kinnvull in M. A. P.

The Comedian's Wit.

On a first night at the B— theater, a well known comedian once displayed remarkable presence of mind. He was alone on the stage and was supposed to be expecting anxiously the arrival of a friend.

"He comes!" he exclaimed, looking off on the left. "Joy! I had been awaiting him so impatiently."

At this cue his friend entered—on the right! Some one had blundered—but who? There was no time for hesitation; and the veteran player's ready wit came to his aid.

"Sly dog!" he said jocosely to the newly arrived. "You thought to take me by surprise, but I saw you in the looking glass yonder!"

This brought down the house, though the audience had been on the point of hissing the very palpable blunder the friend had made.—London Tit-Bits.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the Miner.

HIS OWN BAIT.

The Giant Alligator Snapping Turtle as a Fisherman.

There is an enemy reptile fisherman which makes effective use of the bait which he carries in his own mouth. This is the alligator snapping turtle, a giant amphibious reptile, known to attain a maximum weight of 141 pounds, with a length of shell of about twenty-eight inches. It is chiefly dwelling into the gulf of Mexico, including the Mississippi, where it is common. In appearance and actions it is an enlarged duplicate of the common snapping turtle. Its pale, brown hues well match the soft, muddy bottoms on which it lies motionless, awaiting for fish who the decoy. The bait is attached inside the lower jaw, close to the tongue, and is a well developed filament of flesh, white and distinct from the yellowish mouth part and closely resembling a large grub. While waiting the turtle keeps this grub in motion, giving it the aspect of crawling about in a small circular course. Its mud colored shell, often studded with a growth of fine, waving moss, looks like a great round stone, and close to it is a second smaller stone, the head. Close to this smaller stone crawls the plump white grub. A fish sees it and makes a natural mistake, only to be seized by a sudden snap of the powerful jaws. The jaws are remarkably powerful. The common snapper, which attains only a third of the size of his larger relative, will bite a finger clean off, and the alligator snapper could bite through a wrist or foot.—Chicago Tribune.

TRICKS OF WRITERS.

A Ruse by Which Kipling Piqued His Readers' Curiosity.

"When I first began to read Kipling," said an admirer, "my curiosity was immensely piqued by the scraps of verse with which he usually headed his early stories. They were all credited to poems I had never heard of in my life and were just such salient, striking fragments as would naturally whet one's appetite for the remainder. For over a year I tried hard to locate those mysterious poems and enlisted half a dozen book dealers in the search. At last one of them wrote me that I was wasting time and that the alleged quotations were merely Mr. Kipling's little joke.

"In other words, he manufactured his to order and stuck them at the top of his tales for the sake of the effect in addition they lent to the production. I was mad for a while, but when I cooled off I had a good big laugh. Of course I knew good and well to do the same thing, and—well, that matter did affect Adam Bee. Bee was really the first person to tell me of the joke. He was one of the few deciding to go and search and spoil their fun with long catalogues of imaginary names. [illegible] The success of a writer is to create an illusion, and if he betrays it for one he will not be believed when he comes before it for the second time to the curtain."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Immigrants' Purses.

The immigrants who stream into New York all have different ways of carrying their money.

The Irish immigrant carries a canvas bag in which notes and coins are crammed together.

The Germans wear a money belt, gay and costly, of embroidered chamois.

The French and Italians carry brass tubes with screw tops wherein they keep their cash, in twenty franc gold pieces.

The Swede is sure to have an immense pocketbook of cowhide, that has been handed down from father to son for generations.

The Slavs carry their money in their high boots, along with a fork and spoon.—New York Press.

Forest of Stone In Australia.

In Albany, in Australia, is to be seen a stone forest—in other words, petrified trees. The trees are of a gray stone.

It is suggested as an explanation of the strange phenomenon that in the depths of past ages the forest was in full vegetation and then through some upheaval of the earth it was buried in sand. Little by little water netting on the sand penetrated the branches and solidified.

The wood gradually disappeared under the layer of stone and in time took its form. Then in succeeding years the winds again carried away the sand and the forest appeared anew, but of stone.—London Globe.

A Legal Thrust.

"The learned counsel for the defense," said the plaintiff's attorney, "appears to be afraid of losing his case. Otherwise why isn't he ready to go on?"

"I've got a good excuse," replied counsel for the defense.

"Nonsense! Ignorance of the law excuses no one."—Philadelphia Press.

Our National Attitude.

"That's the Goddess of Liberty," exclaimed the New Yorker. "Fine attitude, eh?"

"Yes, and typically American," responded the western visitor. "Hangin' to a strap."—Washington Herald.

The Tangible Part.

The Village Idiot (discovered tres passing)—Ye'd better not hit me. D'ye know fowks say I'm not a' here. The Farmer—Well, comm awn' out here, then. I'm a-goin' to gie a good hidin' to what ther' is o' ye!—London Opinion.

A close friend is one who turns you down when you want a small loan.—St. Joseph News-Press.

NEEDED AFTER ALL.

A Chance For the Book Agent After He Got In Trim.

"Madam," said the book canvasser as the door was opened by a very comely maid, "I am selling a new book on etiquette and deportment."

"Oh, you are," she responded. "Go down there on the grass and clean the mud off your feet."

"Yes'm," and he went. "As I was saying, ma'am," he continued as he again came to the door, "I am sell"—

"Take off your hat. Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm." And off went the hat. "Now, then, as I was saying"—

"Take your hands out of your pockets. No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm," and his hands clutched his coat lapels. "Now, ma'am, this work on et"—

"Throw away your cigarette. If a gentleman uses tobacco he is careful not to disgust others by the habit."

"Yes'm," and the tobacco disappeared. "Now, ma'am," as he wiped his brow, "in calling your attention to this valuable"—

"Wait. Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight. I don't want your book. I am only the hired girl. You can come in, however, and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a liar this morning, and I think she needs something of the kind."—Sketch Bits.

LITERARY HERESY?

Are Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Byron and Shakespeare Bores?

"We had the notion of doing something of the kind," the Easy Chair confessed when requested to furnish a list of the hundred best authors, "but we could not think of more than ten or a dozen really first rate authors, and if we had begun to compile a list of the best authors we should have had to leave out most of their works. Nearly all the classics would have gone by the board. What have we of old have made with the British poets? The Elizabethan dramatists would mostly have fallen under the ban of our negation to a play. If not to a man, Chaucer, but for a few poems, is impossible; Spenser's poetry is generally duller than presidential messages; Milton is a typical of the spirit in three fourths of his verse. Wadsworth is only not so bad as Byron, who thought like so much worse Shakespeare himself which he [illegible] rently supposed not to be Shakespeare and [illegible] Shelley, his poetry as [illegible] whole [illegible] Wilde's Dead Poets in Harper's Magazine.

A Picture of Your Voice.

To take a picture of your voice [illegible] only necessary to tie a sheet of thin silicon paper over the wide end of a tin trumpet. Hold it with the sheet of paper upward, take a thin pinch of fine sand and place it in the center of the paper, hold the trumpet vertically above your face and sing a note into the lower end. Do not blow, but sing the note. Lower the trumpet carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibrations of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a great variety of them. Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and other flowers; some look like snakes and others like flying birds. In fact, there is no limit to the variation.

The Gila Monster.

The Gila monster is a large, clumsy lizard from one to two feet long. He is generally too lazy to be pugnacious, but if his anger is once aroused he will grip you with a clutch of a bulldog, turning over as he bites so that the venom—which is secreted in a gland in the lower jaw instead of the upper, like the rattlesnake—is pretty sure to mix well with his saliva and so make his attack fatally effective. His five toed hands and feet render him adept in bush climbing. In his wild estate he lives on young rabbits and birds' eggs. When captured, he eats only eggs or a little chopped meat mixed with them.—Los Angeles Times.

The Armenian Alphabet.

An Armenian girl goes to school at four or five years old, but before that she has probably learned her "letters," which is almost an education in itself, as the Armenian alphabet contains thirty-nine. She learns these letters from a small slab of wood on which they are printed. This slab is fastened to a handle, making it something like a hairbrush in shape. The Armenians boast that their formidable alphabet is so perfect as to give every sound known to any other nation.

Criminals at Large.

Gibbs (visiting)—What sort of neighbors have you here? Dibbs—A bad lot. There's a blacksmith who's engaged in forging, a carpenter who's done some counter fitting and a couple of fellows next door who sell iron and steel for a living.—Boston Transcript.

Flattering.

Very Stout Farmer's Wife (to little rustic, her protege)—Well, Sam, your master and I are going to the cattle show. Cowboy—Oh, I'm sure I hope you'll take the first prize, 'm—that I do.—London Tit-Bits.

Not Quite the Thing.

Matrimonial Agent—I have found for you, my friend, a veritable pearl—a wealthy widow of seventy-five. The Count—I like the pearl, but I'm afraid I shan't care for the shell!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE BUCKBOARD.

Invented In the Year 1820 by a Pennsylvania Doctor.

Though the name "buckboard" is applied to thousands of carriages, few people know how the word came to be used.

Back around 1820, says the American Vehicle, in explaining it, when the transportation of goods, wares and merchandise was almost entirely by wagon, a Dr. Buck, who for many years afterward was the military storekeeper at Washington, was in charge of military stores en route to army posts in the southwest.

In east Tennessee much difficulty was experienced by reason of the rough roads, and there were frequent mishaps, mostly from the wagons overturning.

Dr. Buck overhauled the outfit, and, abandoning the wagon bodies, long boards were set directly on the axles of hung below, and the stores were loaded in such a manner that there were no further delays from breakdowns, and the stores safely reached their destinations. In special emergency, too, the load could be shifted or taken off in a hurry.

The idea was probably not new, but Dr. Buck's example was followed, especially when roads were rough, and soon much hauling was done by the use of wheels, axles and boards only.

Now we have the buckboard, both in carriage and automobile forms, conforming closely to the original idea, though few suspect the source of it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HAD BEEN IN JAIL

Yet It Did Not Prejudice His Standing as a Witness.

An important case was being tried before the criminal court of the District of Columbia. An old negro was in the witness box. The district attorney commenced:

"What is your name?"

"John Williams, sah."

"Are you the John Williams who was sent to the Albany penitentiary for larceny?"

"No, sah—not this John."

"Are you the John Williams who was convicted of arson and sent to the Baltimore penitentiary?"

"No, sah."

"Have you ever been in any penitentiary?"

"Yes, sah."

All eyes were now turned upon the witness. The district attorney smiled complacently and resumed:

"How many times have you been in the penitentiary?"

"Twice, sah."

"Where?"

"In Baltimore, sah."

"How long were you there the first time?"

"About two years, sah."

"How long the second time?" asked the attorney, father confident.

"An hour, sah. I went there to whitewash a cell that was wanted for a lawyer who had robbed his client."

The attorney sat down amid the laughter of the spectators.

The Effort of His Life a Failure.

W. S. Gilbert had a novel experience before he wrote for the stage. When he was a barrister waiting for his first brief. It was long in coming, and when it did come Mr. Gilbert determined, of course, to make the effort of his life.

He was intrusted with the prosecution of an old Irish woman for stealing a coat, and when he began the speech that he had prepared and rehearsed so carefully, the old dame at once began to interject: "Oh, ye divil, sit down!" "Sure, now, he's a liar, yer honor!" "Sit down, ye spalpeen!" "He's known to all the perlice, yer honor!" After some minutes of this abuse Gilbert asked the recorder's intervention, but that official was too busy laughing. So the effort of his life was not a success.

Present Giving Worse Than Tipping.

The trend of the times makes itself felt in the matter of presents and present giving. In the days of our grandmothers these tokens of affection were few and far between and were marked by a stern simplicity. But we have changed all that, and the up to date riot of presents means a deadly drain on our bank balances.

The tipping tax is bad enough, but the burden of countless presents can give it points and a beating.—London Tatler.

In a Bad Way.

"You seem much upset, my good man," remarked the curate, who happened to call when Murkle was laying down the law somewhat emphatically to his family circle.

"Hupset?" hollowed Murkle. "I should think I am hupset! Our blessed kid's just set 'isself on fire, an' blowed if the missus 'ere ain't bin an' pur 'im out with my pot o' beer, an' me stony broke too!"—London Answers.

A More Advantageous Time.

"Why do people always say, 'Kiss and make up?' I thought people usually were friends before they kissed."

"Well, you see, it's a good deal more satisfactory to kiss before the make up is put on."—Chicago News.

A Simple Remedy.

"My cocoa's cold," sternly announced the gruff old gentleman to his fair waitress.

"Put your hat on," she sweetly suggested.—Harper's Weekly.

Always In Print.

"Do you subscribe to the theory that Mars is inhabited?"

"No, I don't subscribe. But I buy it every month at the news stands."—Washington Star.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John D. Sloutz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. Nichols, Smethport; R. P. Hazlett, Bradford.
District Attorney—Geo. B. Gray, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eustace, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Commissioners—Geo. Griffith, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Beyer, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engelson, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. E. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. H. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Boyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Ward, C. W. Worley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Hamlin, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—H. C. Gleason.
Constable—C. H. Fiole.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Holland, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swinson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rabin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 348, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANDFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 289, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. BOYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. GUSTAFSON, Chief Patriarch.
F. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 P. M. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. S. RABIN, Commander.
E. J. WORLEY, Chap.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Secy.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9 meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. PRATT, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every afternoon.

LYDIA ADELL, Com.
EMILY E. AGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 o'clock in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARRETT, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHARDSON, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. MARY E. RICHARDSON, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CAMPBELL, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORE, Secretary.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, Pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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DOLLIE AND THE MANEATER.

By Colin S. Collins.

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"I can't help it because I am rich can I?"

Paul Vinton spoke of his wealth as though it were a thing accursed. Dollie Darcy shook her head with judicial solemnity.

"I don't suppose that you can," she admitted. "At the same time, Paul, you cannot blame me for taking an interest in people who do things."

"Such as waiting on table?" retorted Vinton. "I don't see anything to command respectful admiration in a job like that."

"But he is a college man," reminded Dollie. "Just fancy a student so anxious to learn that he will wait on table in a hotel to gain the funds for his tuition!"

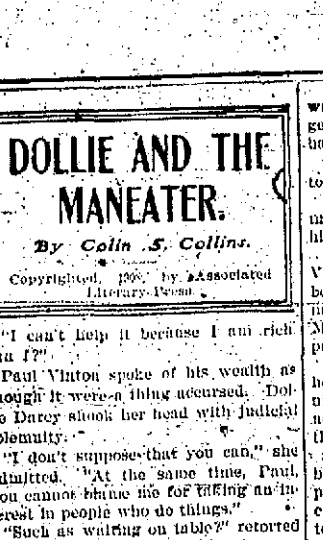
"He would do well to go to a grammar school first," growled Vinton. "He waited on me this morning and when I asked for eggs he told me that 'the eggs isn't very fresh.' That's good grammar for a college student, and then his slang is something weird."

"George Ade uses slang," cited Dollie defensively. "I'm sure that no one ever accused Mr. Ade of being common."

"Because he keeps his slang for his books and plays," reminded Vinton.

Dollie checked the sharp speech that sprang to her lips and hurried down the piazza steps to join a bespectacled youth who appeared around the corner of the hotel.

He was not an inviting sort of person. One eye was considerably larger



"HE'S THE MAN TO TIE TO, ALL RIGHT."

than the other and an aggressive chin bolted a multiplicity of appurtenance due to the large leaded spectacles he wore. His hands and feet were large and unmanageable and his clothes fitted him as though they had been made for a man of more generous build.

The Hotel Breeze had solved the servant problem by employing college students as waiters. It had become fashionable to take an interest in these struggling aspirants for learning, and Dollie Darcy was nothing if not fashionable, even though it threatened a break with Paul Vinton—whom she expected to marry some day—she insisted on having her student to be interested in.

Dollie had picked out Brady as the favored one for the reason that he seemed the most forlorn and desolate one in the lot. There was something almost pathetic to her in the idea of this man who maltreated the English language so brutally seeking a higher education, and she found his personality interesting and at times amusing.

There were other times when the man bored her sadly, but she would not confess that, she found him tiresome lest Paul should think the victory lay with him.

Every evening, when the tables had been cleared and the dining room put in order Brady would slip down to the beach and walk or sit with Dollie, while Vinton sat on the piazza and vowed that he would leave the place for some better resort where the waiters were not the fad of the moment.

He never went, for on second thoughts he told himself it would be better to stay on and look after Dollie. She must tire of her fad presently, and perhaps on the rebound he might induce her to say the coveted "Yes."

Dismally Vinton realized that the waiting game was bound to be a long one, and chancing upon Dollie waiting on the sands for her waiter protege Paul was moved to reopen his argument.

Following an unusually hot day the humidity of an approaching storm depressed the spirits of the relief [illegible] Dollie was tired and [illegible] to be the victim of [illegible] for an [illegible] Brady raised their voices silently [illegible] the pitch of good breeding, and Brady coming upon them suddenly, realized that there had been a dispute.

"Has this—er—boor molestin' his lip?" he demanded of Dollie.

Perhaps it was the heat, perhaps it was the memory of some of the things that Vinton had said. At any rate, there was a barely perceptible pause before Dollie languidly responded:

"He has been very annoying. I am glad you have come," she said.

Brady picked up a pebble and tossed it down the beach.

"Go after it," he urged. "You ain't wanted here, Bo. Notify your feet to get busy with your shoes and pedal hard."

"I presume you are trying to urge me to go away," suggested Vinton coldly.

"You've got a fine presumer," commended Brady. "Gwan! W up a little higher. It's runnin' too slow."

"I am grateful for your advice," said Vinton with sarcasm that appeared to be lost upon the other, "but it is my intention to take myself off—until Miss Darcy signifies to me that my presence here is unwelcome."

"You heard her say that you made her tired," reminded Brady. "Be a nice little boy, Bo, and go play in the next yard. There's a fine cellar door there. Go slide down it."

Vinton looked inquiringly at Dollie, but she made no sign. Brady was displaying a new phase of his many sided character and she found it rather interesting. Vinton, too, puzzled her, and she wanted to see what he would do.

She had not long to wait, for, with a final appeal to take a walk before his feet hurt him and he couldn't, Brady advanced toward his antagonist.

Short and sharp was the encounter. Brady struck first, and Vinton, nothing loath, responded. In both men the primal instinct was aroused, and they fought for the favor of a woman as men in the stone age fought.

For the moment Vinton forgot Dollie's presence, forgot everything except his desire to avenge the blow.

Brady had slipped off his glasses at the first sign of trouble and he was somewhat at a disadvantage, but for all of that he had the best of the fight, though Vinton had taken boking lessons from an old champion and was accounted, more than ordinarily skilful at the game.

They were on a strip of the beach little frequented in the evening and the encounter attracted no attention. In five minutes Vinton was down and out and Dollie was kneeling beside him in the sand seeking to restore him to consciousness. He opened his eyes sheepishly and smiled into Dollie's anxious face.

"It's all right," he said weakly. "That little—er—waiter of yours has the skill of a professional prize fighter."

"Silly!" scolded Dollie. "You were foolish, too, but your company was too fast. I used to be the Cherry Ripe champion myself, so you went on the ice, and I had no show for scientific cases. I—oh, there's the rain! Let's run! This hair! Lady, it's a fright! Consider the other suitor. The—the—the rain! Run! Run! Run!"

For there was no time to say more, for there came the drip, drip of the rain, and Vinton picked a piece of seaweed from his hair.

"And now you are studying for college?" asked Dollie wonderingly.

"I—I—" Vinton explained. "I went to enter. I was professor of mixin'. What's all this row about college, anyway? When the boss cook hired me he says, 'I s'pose you come from college?' And I told him I just come from there. Now you're helpin' on the same string."

"The waiters this season are all students working their way through college," explained Dollie. "That was why I—"

She paused in confusion and Brady completed the sentence for her.

"That was why you mashed me?" he asked good naturedly. "I'm sorry for you, sis, but I ain't the real goods. Potter stuck to his job lots over there. He's in your class. I ain't no heavyweight."

Dollie regarded Brady ruefully, carefully blackening quite, and smiled. At the moment Vinton seemed anything but romantic.

"That's all right," interposed the maneater understandingly. "A bit of raw steak will fix that up. He's the man to tie to, all right. There ain't many chaps like him that could give me the run he did. You hook up."

"Thank you. I will take your advice," declared Dollie as she sank down on the sand beside Vinton, and seeing that he was no longer wanted the maneater slipped away, rubbing his cauliflower ear reflectively.

"I hope he won't beat the little dame," he said musingly. "He sure can hit, even if he can't lick me." And the maneater never realized that with Cupid as referee Paul was the winner after all.

A Vivid Description.

A shortsighted and deaf old gentleman who was at an entertainment where a professor performed on a big bass viol thus described the scene: "The professor curried on to the platfrom a gigantic beetle attached to the end of a sort of lamppost. He leaned over and fondly embraced it, tickling its back violently with a long comb.

"The spectators seemed much delighted at this display of scientific affection. The beetle was apparently quite unmoved. Then the professor gave a capital imitation of the drunken man and the lamppost. He swayed rapidly up and down, clutching quickly at all points.

"Sometimes his powers quivered positively musical. Then he [illegible] ultimate pair of [illegible] experiences he rested momentarily on the posts after a contest with a stiff wind. He [illegible] finally he gave a last convulsive tickle to the huge beetle, picked himself up from the lamppost and carried off the unresisting insect. The audience applauded vigorously."

A Fluctuating Fortune.

About how [illegible] you figure that you are worth?" asked the old time friend.

"Here is [illegible] Mr. Cumrox," replied the rising young man. "Mother and the girls have [illegible] what I'm worth this week." Washington Star.

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BIG TREES.

The Cloud Piercing Sequoias of Northern California.

The sequoia in Humboldt is the tallest tree in the whole United States. But the tourist from the east or west knows it not. What would he say to the information that in the northwest of California grows a mighty continuous forest of those great trees and that it takes days to travel merely from end to end of that forest, which is longer than the distance from Boston to New York or from Chicago to St. Louis. Yet such is the case.

On the ridges and flats of Humboldt is the forest, and in that forest the trees grow to twenty-six feet in diameter and tower 300 feet toward the sky. Do you know what those figures mean? Measure the room in which you are now sitting. If it is a very large room, the longest dimensions would just about contain one of these great trunks. Look out of your window and see the people more than a city block away. That is the distance from which one sees the topmost bough of these stupendous giants.

The redwood of California is the great tree of the Pacific coast. Two thousand acres of it exist in Oregon along the Chetco river. South of the Chetco a continuous redwood belt begins and increases in width from ten miles at Del Norte county to eighteen or twenty miles and keeps on unbroken to southern Humboldt county. Here is a gap, but in Mendocino the belt becomes dense again and widens out to thirty-six miles. South of that county the tree grows in isolated patches.—Humboldt Standard.

THE MIGHTY LION.

It Is Easy Enough to Scare Him If You Know Just How.

If a lion or a tiger suddenly appears before you, just hold a chair out in front of him and he won't do a thing. Alfred Williams, who in the course of his experience with wild animals has been in that predicament often enough to know, says: "These creatures have a much more limited intelligence than a domestic servant. They can take in only one thing at a time, and the four legs of a chair would keep any lion busy for a long time.

"That is the reason why animal trainers carry two chairs when they go in the cage. They use one to attract the lion's attention, and while he is busy with that they use the other to drive him to the position they want him in. The chair subdues the animal, for the lion's faculties are not developed enough to understand it.

"Another proof of the limited intelligence of the fur tribe, say trainers, is the fact that their performance is not always done in the same order of sequence. If a lion or a tiger is broken, the animals are completely lost, and the trainers are few who can keep them in subjection. In fact, most trainers consider themselves lucky in a case of this sort if they can get the boys quietly back into their cages.

"The whole cat family, moreover, is as treacherous as it is stupid.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Amount of Rainfall Over the Earth.

The discussion of observations on rainfall made first by Sir John Murray and later by Drs. Exner and Penck, permits an estimation to be made of the mean rainfall on continents, which is found to be about thirty inches per year. The rainfall on the ocean is more difficult to measure, but it has been estimated by Supan and Fritsche, taking account of all the known facts, at thirty-eight inches. Making use of these estimates for the entire surface of the earth in about thirty-six inches. Making use of this number, it is easy to calculate that the total rainfall amounts to 401 million millions of metric tons per year, 1,272 thousand millions of tons per day, 53,000 millions of tons per hour, 883,600,000 tons per minute or 15,000,000 tons per second.—Scientific American.

Simple Method of Cooking Cabbage.

The simplest and quickest methods of cooking cabbage are the best. Cabbage must be trimmed and well washed in cold, salted water, then cut into quarters and tied together again with a string before going into the saucepan, because the heart is more tender than the outside and uniform softness is desired. Have plenty of boiling water with a heaping tablespoonful of salt to the half gallon of water. Let it be boiling when the cabbage is put in and cook it with the lid off, and if it be fresh it will keep a good color. The time depends more upon the age than the size—from twenty to forty minutes.—Delineator.

A Crab Habit.

Catch a fresh crab, mash the end of one of its claws and watch with what fierce wrath it will tear off the injured member. Is it pride that causes him to do this bit of surgical work, or is he afraid of blood poisoning, or is it because the maimed claw might obstruct his speed or entangle him in the submarine forests? The crab is an interesting creature, though, like his big cousin, the lobster, is as scrappy as a game bantam, often losing a limb in a scuffle.—Exchange.

His Society.

The west side woman observed an old darky in violent altercation with the driver of a cart.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I done tell 'em he cayn't 'base dat hawse," said uncle excitedly, "an' he say it none of my business an' I done tell 'em I'se a mighty ob de human 'ciety scyeter." New York Press.

Ambition is like love, impatient both of delays and rivals.—Denham.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme electric engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS, Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Daughter of Vesuvius.

By Pierce Vincent.

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It was a small two edged stiletto that Zabetta Genelli bought at Antonio Mordo's shop in Naples, a very tiny plaything of a stiletto, but, as every Italian knows, the heart lies barely two inches below the surface and a blade that will reach that distance is long enough for all practical purposes.

On the crucifix handle of this particular stiletto Zabetta had sworn that it should drink the blood of either Caesar Pino or of his betrothed, Maria Vincente.

They were a very ancient family, the Genellas. One ancestor had escaped from the eruption that overwhelmed Pompeii and another had been mummified at Herculaneum. The race had a certain fierce sturdiness inherited from some lava born forefather before Romulus.

They also had an unpleasant mediaeval habit of keeping their oaths regardless of consequences, as family traditions and court records bore witness. They took life seriously, as many had found to their cost.

So when people heard that Caesar Pino had thrown over Zabetta Genelli for Maria Vincente they shook their heads. Zabetta herself went home, dry lipped and fiery eyed, and at midnight swore the sibylline blood oath, a strange and terrible curse intrusted to her by the muttering old crone, her grandmother.

Zabetta dwelt in the outskirts of Boscotrase on the slopes nearest Vesuvius. Her first view at dawn from her little attic was of the purple plume and bright cinders of the great volcano, heaved against the sky, and her last glimpse at night was of the same plume streaming wildly across the sunset. She knew the mountain in all its moods and from its nature shaped her own. Its heart of fire was under her own, but within her breast.

Caesar Pino belonged to the aristocracy of Boscotrase. His olive trees were the best in the place and did not the choicest harvests of the hillside [illegible] of Vesuvius's slopes was [illegible] handsome, a fine sheaf and dancer, a hard worker, a good fellow all round. All the girls in the village were in love with him.

ZABETTA LIKED THE INSENSIBLE, CALLOUS IS HER AIMS.

Handsome Caesar fell in love with handsomer Zabetta. True, her family was poor. But what difference did that make? Caesar had enough for both. Their betrothal soon followed. Nobody would deny that they made a fine looking pair. To be sure, some families whose daughters would not have objected to occupying Zabetta's place hinted privately at the record of the Genellas, but none spoke openly, remembering that same record.

All went well until Maria Vincente came to Boscotrase. Then Caesar's affection for Zabetta cooled. Not that Maria deliberately did anything to tempt the young man away, but it soon became known through the town that Caesar and his sweetheart had quarreled; next, that he was betrothed to Maria.

Then, indeed, people shook their heads and some said, "Poor Zabetta!"

But others, who knew her family's record better, said, "Poor Caesar!"

And everybody waited to see what would happen.

It was the next day after the break that Zabetta bought the dagger. The Genellas always acted promptly. But she found it difficult to decide whose blood the sharp point should drink.

Sometimes she felt it would be Caesar's, sometimes Maria's, and on one black day when the two passed her arm in arm she determined that it should be both and she had hard work to restrain herself from putting the sentence into immediate execution.

Then came the great eruption.

For generations Vesuvius, rumbling and grumbling, had looked down on the prosperous vineyards and olive groves, boldly pressing nearer, the region where it had decreed no living thing should grow. Unheeded it had given warning after warning, like a cross old man who is continually making threats, but whom no one takes at his word.

At last the giant that dwelt in the mountain's hoary heart decided that it was time to teach the forgetful race of men one lesson more. So puff! the [illegible] of the cone and descended in showers of lava and sheets of ashes.

Boscotrase was one of the worst sufferers. For a time its citizens hoped they might escape with a shower of stones and cinders. But one night the scarlet ribbons that had been trickling like rivers of blood down the rough slopes turned toward the village and flight was the only resource.

In a few hours Caesar had seen his vineyard and olive grove damaged beyond hope of reparation in his own lifetime. From a wealthy man he had become poor. Although he did not notice it, Maria's affection had cooled perceptibly from the moment when she realized that her lover was now no richer than his fellows.

Zabetta was gloomily preparing to flee from her home at the coming of the lava. To her whether she escaped or not mattered very little. The cataclysm without found a responsive echo in her heart, fiery, scorched and blasted.

With a small bundle of her belongings she was hurrying along the street, amid the ashes and falling stones, when a pale faced, shrieking figure rushed past her.

Zabetta's hand involuntarily sought her bosom, where lurked the stiletto. She was alone with her hated rival. In that fearful semidarkness who would know if she slew Maria?

The other shrank back, seeing her stern face and guessing the import of her bejeweled hand.

"Where is Caesar?" grimly questioned Zabetta. Maria cowered away.

"I left him at his house a little while ago. The lava was coming. As he entered to get a bundle the walls fell and buried him. I dared not go in. He is dead."

"Coward!" hissed Zabetta. Dropping her hand, she gave the shrinking girl a push that hastened her flight, then flew back through the lurid gloom along the well known way that led to Caesar's house. Why she went she did not know. Caesar was dead to her, so her heart whispered. Yet instinct told her to hasten back.

Soon she saw the ruined house. Only a few rods away a red stream was rolling slowly down the street. She entered the tottering walls and beheld a prone figure partly buried under the fallen stones.

It was Caesar.

The pain of her former love made Zabetta forget all of her own danger. Seeing that he was the less [illegible] Molly she gave a wild cry and fell upon him, tearing away the debris [illegible] His theory was best. While strength [illegible]

[illegible] at the [illegible] Zabetta [illegible] away. [illegible] Jewels [illegible] little basket of [illegible] Then Zabetta resisted Zabetta [illegible] better and better. A few minutes more and the lava would engulf the house. Death would be the portion of any living thing therein. Zabetta drew her time dagger.

All that instant Caesar returned to consciousness. Seeing her, brandishing knife in hand, he gave a cry of terror and appeal and swooned again just as the blade descended. It severed his crushed finger at the second and that and he was free.

There was not a second to lose. Already the air was scorching. With a man's strength Zabetta lifted the insensible Caesar in her arms and carried him out into the street. Through the showers of ashes she staggered with fair freedom. She had not got forty feet from the door when the lava behind against the walls and the whole house fell in ruins.

But Caesar was saved!

So Zabetta kept her vow, sworn on the crucifix of the little dagger, that it should drink the blood of either Caesar or Maria. And it was probably the first instance on record where the fulfillment of a Genella's blood oath resulted in a marriage.

Too Complicated.

Modern household improvements are appreciated by the initiated, but to the unenlightened they sometimes prove discouraging. Mrs. Gordon was showing Ina, the new maid, who had agreed to work for $4 a week, the conveniences of her up to date kitchen.

"It's a very easy place," explained the lady, "because I have so many contrivances for making the work light.

"Now, here's a new patent bread mixer. When you're ready to use it, I'll show you how to put it together. And this is a splendid meat grinder. It saves hours of labor with the chopping knife. Here is a fine apple parer that takes the cores out too. And this hardwood slab is a wonderful potato slicer.

"Then," continued Mrs. Gordon proudly, "I have a patent dishwasher, a percolating coffeepot and an automatic ash sifter."

"Meesis," said Ina firmly, "eef I is to spend all mys time learning how to make dose fonny t'ings go I must hev free dollar a mont' more. She vor too much vork."—Youth's Companion.

The Constitution.

The first draft of the constitution contained an enumeration of the states by name after the word "people"—as "We, the people of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Virginia"—but it became impossible to retain this form after the adoption of the seventh and last article, which provided that the ratification by nine states should be sufficient to establish the constitution as between them, and for the plain reason that it was impossible to determine whether all the states would ratify or, if they failed, which they would be; or, if nine should ratify, how to designate them. No alternative was thus left but to omit the enumeration and to insert in its place "United States."—New York American.

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ODD USES FOR FISH.

One Makes a Good Barometer, Another a Weathercock.

Fishes have been put to many queer uses while still alive, but probably the strangest was that suggested to the war department by an inventor. The propulsion of submarine torpedoes was the subject under discussion, and he proposed that a shark be imprisoned in a tube at the rear end of the projectile, its movements to be controlled by the active application of electricity. In case the shark attempted to swim away it was to be given an electric shock and in this way kept on its course until the torpedo had reached its target.

Another remarkable use to which a fish has been put is as a barometer. The leech is very susceptible to atmospheric changes, and when retained in an aquarium is likely to throw itself out at the approach of or during any remarkable change of wind or weather, or if in a pond or stream will sometimes jump on the bank. It has been kept alive in aquaria as a living barometer from the supposition that certain movements indicate particular changes that are about to occur in the weather. In Russia the dead body of *Cottus gobio*, the miller's thumb, is used as a weathercock. Hung by a single thread, it will point to the direction whence the wind blows.—Minneapolis Journal.

MULES OF MEXICO.

They Are Even More Knowing Than Our Own Meek Brand.

"Everybody knows that all mules are brainy; but the mules of old Mexico have something on other mules for a sort of precedence of their own," said a man who has spent many years in the neighboring republic. "A Mexican mule will do just so much work and not a blanked bit more.

"The riding mule, for instance, is fully aware of the distance, dowd to a rod, he is supposed and required to traverse in the process of the traveling day, and all the sharp sticks or goads or [illegible] on earth won't get him to [illegible] that. What he knows [illegible] The Mexican [illegible] for saying in [illegible] of the [illegible] Mex[illegible] It is by [illegible] a date. If [illegible] not [illegible] in a hurry [illegible] don't ask more [illegible] you should ask [illegible] able to make [illegible] But if you attempt to [illegible] you'll soften on your mule in consequence the four days will take you three days."—Exchange.

The Deceased Wife's Sister.

The law against marrying a deceased wife's sister, which caused so much discussion in England, grew out of the ancient tribal law forbidding a father to sell more than one daughter to the same man when the Briton was emerging from polygamy and when for 21 shillings of the present money a man might dispose his wife or kill her if she would not go. Another law it was to protect the living wife and kin across [illegible] together by inter marriage. When [illegible] this law became supreme a misreading of some Scripture text was used to put the sister of a man's wife among the prohibited degrees of relationship. This was the act of 1541 (32 Henry VIII) "A man may not marry his deceased wife's sister nor her daughter, but he may marry his first cousin."—London Standard.

Brittle Lizards.

Some kinds of lizards break in two when suddenly startled. In the bush in Australia the traveler often comes across a number of these little silvery reptiles basking on a log or piece of old bark. As soon as they perceive the invader there is a great commotion. They dart hither and thither so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. The effects of the shock are evident from the quantity o wriggling tails lying about which have been cast off in the hurry; while the mutilated owners may be seen scurrying away to safety still wagging the stumps that remain.

Density of City Population.

Although there is a certain area of about three and a half acres on Manhattan Island where the density of population is at the rate of 630,000 to the square mile, yet the city of Paris shows a far greater average density of population than New York, the figures for Paris being 79,300 a square mile and for New York city proper 40,000 a square mile. The average density of London's population is 37,000 a square mile and that of Berlin 67,600.—Federation Review.

A Cheerful Soul.

Creditor (determinedly)—I shall call at your house every week until you pay this account, sir. Debtor (in the blandest of tones)—Then, sir, there seems every probability of our accompanying each other into friendship.—London Tit-Bits.

The Famous Four.

Each of the following named gentlemen, upon being out late with the boys, has concocted a famous excuse and, what is more wonderful, got away with it. They are: Jonah, Ulysses, Rip Van Winkle, Robinson Crusoe.—Judge.

A Quicker Way.

Young Minister (overhearing for mirror)—Have you a glass here? Beadle—Na, na, sir; we dinna need a glass. We just talk a spot out o' the bottle.—London Tatler.

The Lady of The Lilacs.

By Phillip Kean.

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Sherwood called her "The Lady of the Lilacs" because always on spring days there was a bunch of lilacs on her desk, offerings from the girls to a best loved teacher.

"You simply can't help loving her," Betty Baynes said to Sherwood in her emphatic young girl way. "You simply can't help it, Uncle Jack."

"I don't see," Uncle Jack ventured, "where her particular charm comes in."

"She's so sweet," Betty analyzed, "and dainty—and—and—and"— Betty was getting into deep water. "Anyhow, she's lovely."

Sherwood always called for his niece after school and drove her out to Sherwood farm, where Betty and her widowed mother made their home with him. The farm was beyond the town—a great place, with great barns, where were housed the beautiful horses that had made the farm famous.

As he sat in the trap waiting he could look right into the windows of the room where Miss Duval taught, and he could see her head bent over her desk, with the great bunch of lilacs making a background.

"Look here," he said to Betty one afternoon as they drove away in the sunshine, "I'd like to paint her that way."

"What way?" asked Betty.

"Paint Miss Duval—just her head, bent a little, against a background of lilac blooms, with a circle of gold inclosing it like a halo."

"Oh, Uncle Jack," Betty's face was beaming, "it would be beautiful."

"I'd call it 'The Lady of the Lilacs,'" Sherwood planned. "By George, Betty, I believe it would be the best thing I've done."

But "The Lady of the Lilacs" when approached refused to be painted. "Oh, please tell Mr. Sherwood," she said breathlessly, "that I couldn't think of such a thing. I am sure he can find a better model, Betty."

"He can't," Betty said obstinately. "Please, please, Miss Duval."

The little teacher shook her head. "Don't insist, dear," she said. "I really cannot."

"Now, what do you think of that, Uncle Jack," said Betty, almost in tears, as they drove away that night.

"I don't know what to think," said Sherwood. "I hate to give up the idea."

"Well, don't give it up," Betty said. "You know you always get your own way when you want it, Uncle Jack."

"Yes, I do," said Sherwood thoughtfully.

Several days later when Betty came out of the school room arm in arm with the little teacher Sherwood met them at the door.

"Won't you let us drive you home, Miss Duval?" he urged. "We will go the long way round, and it will do you good."

Miss Duval hesitated. "Oh," she began, but Betty interrupted: "Of course you'll go. You've never driven behind the Buckner team, and they are such beauties."

It developed that Miss Duval was from Kentucky and that she loved horses. "I used to ride a great deal out there," she admitted.

"Why can't you ride here?" Sherwood demanded. "We have a half dozen ladies' mounts in the stables that are growing fat and lazy for want of exercise."

"I haven't a habit," Miss Duval demurred.

"I have two," Betty announced promptly, "and you can wear one."

On Saturday Miss Duval in Betty's covert cloth habit and three cornered hat and mounted on Hulda Buckner was a transformed creature.

"I thought she was pretty," was Sherwood's mental comment, "but, by Jove, she's a beauty."

And more and more he yearned to paint her.

To that end he paid her most devoted attention, and it became a regular thing for the little teacher to spend the week ends at Sherwood farm. Betty's mother found her charming.

"I am glad to have Betty under her influence," she told her brother. "She is a lady to her finger tips."

"Yes," Sherwood agreed moodily, "but I wish she would let me paint her as 'The Lady of the Lilacs.'"

His sister stared indignantly. "I don't believe you ever look at a woman except from the standpoint of art."

Sherwood laughed. "I don't fall in love easily, if that is what you mean," he said and shrugged his shoulders and went on.

That afternoon he sauntered down to the end of the big garden where Dulcie Duval was pouring tea. The little table was set under a lilac bush, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air.

Betty, on the other side of the bush, was playing tennis with a boy from town. Mrs. Baynes had been called to the house, and Sherwood was alone with the Lilac Lady.

"I wish you would let me paint your picture," he said to her.

"No," she said slowly. "I am not sure that I like the idea of my picture hanging in a gallery for the public to gaze at."

"Surely," Sherwood urged, "one should not keep beauty hidden."

"I am not beautiful," she said quietly. She leaned back in the big wicker chair. Her face was very pale, and there were shadows under her eyes. Behind her the lilacs tossed their pale purple plumes in the spring breeze.

"I am not beautiful," she repeated, "but I think I ought to tell you why I do not want my picture placed before the public."

It was such a simple little tale. She was married. That was the fact that was borne in upon him with stunning force. Her husband had been her father's choice, not her own.

"We were rich," she explained, "but after my father's death my husband spent everything we had, and I was very unhappy. So I ran away and took my maiden name. And that is why I do not want my picture to appear. I do not want him to find me ever."

She said it vehemently, with a little flush on her cheeks. "My father said love would come," she went on hurriedly, "but it did not. I felt for Betty's sake I ought to tell you. It's such unpleasant history that you might not care to have me with her so much."

Sherwood flung up his head. Suddenly it seemed to him that there was nothing that he so much wished to do as to shelter her from misfortune.

"Betty will always be honored by your presence, as we all are—as we shall always be," he said, and she smiled at him and held out her hand.

"Somehow I felt that I had found a friend," she said simply. "That is why I told you. It seemed best, and I knew you would understand."

That afternoon Sherwood went for a long ride on his favorite horse, Maxtell, and during that ride he fought a battle. Now that Dulcie Duval was out of reach she seemed the most desirable thing in the world. Indeed, from the first moment she had been desirable, but he had let the artist in him blind the lover. He had made himself think that it was her picture, not herself, that he wanted.

And now that he knew that he loved her he felt that he must go away—back to Paris to the studio—to the dreams that had of late been partially submerged in his practical plans for Sherwood farm.

When he came back that night, Betty met him on the porch.

"We are going for a ride early in the morning," she said, "Miss Duval and I, and I want you to go with us."

"Not tomorrow, Bettykins," he demurred. "I've got a lot of things to do. I am planning to spend the summer in Paris."

Betty's dismayed exclamation brought his sister and Miss Duval.

"He's going away," Betty cried, "and he doesn't know when he will come back."

And Sherwood, watching the face of the Lady of the Lilacs, saw it grow pale, and his heart leaped at the thought that she cared.

In the early morning from his bedroom window he saw them ride away.

Five minutes later he was at the stables. "How does it happen that Miss Duval is riding Maxtell?" he demanded of a groom.

"Hulda is lame," said the man, "and Miss Duval insisted on riding Maxtell. We tried to get her to have one of the other mounts, but she wouldn't."

"Maxtell can't be trusted," said Sherwood sharply, "not with a lady. He never likes the flutter of skirts."

"I know, sir." The man looked worried.

"Well, get Buckner Belle ready," Sherwood ordered, "and I'll go after them."

As he cantered down to the gate a boy met him with a telegram. Without looking at the address, Sherwood tore it open, then as a half dozen words confronted him he saw that it was not for him, but for Miss Duval. Her husband was dead, her lawyer wired, and she must come at once.

In that moment the whole world changed for Sherwood. He knew that it was unseemly for him to grow light hearted because of the death of a fellow creature. But for her it meant freedom, for him happiness.

He paid the boy and spurred his horse to greater speed, and at last he saw ahead of him Betty on a sturdy little mare; Dulcie, holding to Maxtell, who danced along the road in a way that spelled danger.

And even as Sherwood looked Maxtell bolted!

And after him, like a shot, went Buckner Belle.

The big horse was not a match for the brilliant mare, and presently Sherwood was beside Dulcie, his hand on Maxtell's bridle.

Maxtell, meek as a lamb at the sound of the well known voice, stopped so suddenly that Dulcie swayed and slipped from his back inertly. Sherwood, dropping the bridles, caught her in his arms.

"Dulcie," he said impulsively; "Dulcie, dear!"

She opened her eyes. "Please," she said faintly, "let me go. You must not."

"Hush!" he said. "You are not strong enough to stand alone, and you have a right here. You are free at last, dear heart."

Her startled eyes met his. "How?" she questioned.

"He is dead," he said quietly. "You are to go to Kentucky this afternoon. Betty's mother will go with you."

He released her then and went on in steady tones.

"But you will come back, Dulcie. When you feel that it is right you will come back—to me?"

Betty was pounding down the road on the sturdy mare. Dulcie looked up at Sherwood, strong and grave between the beautiful horses.

"Yes," she said, and, suddenly her face was illumined. "Yes, I will come back, and you shall paint me—your 'Lady of the Lilacs.'"

I'm Telling You.

Pat Murphy, who was in lodgings was greatly annoyed by the landlady helping herself to his provisions. She began by taking a piece of his butter, and when Pat came home she said:

"Pat, I'm taking a little of your butter, but I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you."

Next day it was an egg, and so on. Every day there was something taken and put on with the remark, "I'm not like other landladies—I'm telling you."

Of course there was never any reduction in Pat's bill. One Saturday his bill came to a larger amount than usual. Pat looked at it, bundled up a few things in his handkerchief, walked to the door and said:

"Landlady, I'm stopping. I'm not like other lodgers I'm telling you."—London Answers.

Genius is a combination of aspiration and inspiration.—Irish Proverb.

PAID FOR THE BATHS.

Exciting Hotel Incident in Bar Harbor's Early Days.

"In the prehistoric days at Bar Harbor," said a Boston man, "before the dress suit had cast its blighting shadow there, and when Rodick's and the fish pond were the center of all the gayety, life was pleasant, even though many of the conveniences which we now demand were wholly lacking. Rodick's was a barn of a place with no elevator and innocent of electric bells. One man in imminent need of ice water once obtained it, however, by going into the hall and yelling 'Murder!' at the top of his lungs. He gathered together most of the hotel guests and finally got the ice water of his soul's desire, but his success did not seem to establish a precedent.

"The fire department was, so to speak, in embryo. In the Rodick of the head of each stairway there used to stand a large hogshead of water for use in an emergency, and thereby hangs the tale I am about to tell you.

"Late of an evening there entered the deserted 'fish pond' a young man whose fixed and glassy eye and wandering smile betrayed what his evening's occupation had been. In order to settle any lingering doubt as to his condition, however, he proceeded to emit a series of blood-curdling shrieks, which called forth a hasty and emphatic protest from the night clerk, who on advancing upon the inebriated one was promptly laid low by a right hander. The night force in an angry array promptly went to the succor of the night clerk, whereat his assailant retreated upstairs, closely followed by his pursuers.

"Reaching the landing, he espied the hogshead of water, which he promptly heaved down the stairway upon his opponents, who, drenched by the water and carried off their feet by the butt itself, in a wild state of rage renewed the attack, only to be treated to the same dose on the second flight of stairs and yet again on the third, at which point, his ammunition being exhausted, they captured and got even with the belligerent one.

"In the morning great was the anger and loud the lamentations of Herr Rodick at the state of his stairway and the damaged condition of his night force, but he who had accomplished the outrage was rich in this world's goods, from part of which he was made to separate for divers ruined carpets, sundry abrasions and for giving five men three baths apiece at $1 a bath, the regular rate at that time in Bar Harbor."

Lace Made From Hair.

The most curious lace is called point tresse. It is very rare and was made of human hair. French collectors say that it exists in the present day only in their cabinets. It was confined to the early part of the sixteenth century. Margaret, countess of Lennox, the mother of the wretched Darnley, sent from the tower, where she was imprisoned when her son, Lord Charles Lennox, married the daughter of Bess of Hardwicke, a lace to Mary, queen of Scots, as a very strong proof of the queen's innocence of the guilt that had been imputed to her. The little square of point tresse was worked by the old countess' own hands from her own gray hair. It was, in fact, hair mixed with fine flax.—London Express.

Knew He Was Dead.

Some time after the occupation of Manila by the American forces one of the army officers was shown through the old Spanish prison in that city. He noticed a small opening through a brick wall. Upon asking its use he was told that prisoners were placed in a cell behind it and walled up alive.

"You see, senor," said the guide, "as long as the prisoner lived his food was handed in on a plate, and he handed the plate back with the food on it untouched, then the jailer knew he was dead and didn't give him any more."

A Cruel Insinuation.

Stern Old Lady—Pray tell me, madam, your husband is continually smoking dreadfully—

Young Woman (bursting into tears)—I don't believe it, your horrid old thing!

Old Lady (astonished)—What's the matter with the woman?

Officious Bystander—Her husband's dead.—Baltimore American.

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